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TERMS IN ADVANCE

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No. 459

I CANNOT HATE HER.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

I cannot hate her tho' I've tried
A thousand times to do it;
And now I fear my wounded pride
Will never bring me to it.
I turned her picture to the wall,
Intending on it never
The summer sunbeams more should fall;
She said this wasn't clever.

To-night I see her play her part;
Such memories will linger
And flicker woman's empty heart
I balance on my finger.
I've learned a bitter lesson from
The false in beauty's bosom;
And from the vanished meadows come
The scent of clover blossom.

Why, bless me! here's a look of hair
In this old, dusty letter;
A faded gentian, too, I swear!
A broken, useless letter.
What is the matter with my eyes?
I wipe them, still they're misty;
I smell the blooms of paradise
That fringe life's saddest vista.

Although she never thinks of me,
I understand, *sub rosa*,
She keeps a *carte de visite*,
Now this is *inter nos*—a
Picture of a certain chap,
Who at my window lingers,
And takes a gaiter from his lap,
To twine around his fingers!

This letter—last one sent by her—
(May Heaven bless the writer!)
I offer to a fresh cigar.
It makes a brilliant "lighter!"
I watch the smoke wreaths as they curl
Above me to the ceiling;
I know the flicker-hearted girl
Would say I have no "feeling."

Ah! let it pass! I put away
These bitter thoughts of sorrow;
The flowers that I pluck to-day
Will wither'd be to-morrow.
Was that a footstep on the stair?
Yes, but not hers—that's certain!
Of snowy hands a precious pair
Steal up and—Drop the curtain!

Merle, the Mutineer;

OR,

THE BRAND OF THE RED ANCHOR.

A Romance of Sunny Lands and Blue Waters.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE SURF ANGEL," "THE COUSINS OF HISTORY," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE CRE-TAN BOY," "THE PRINCE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RIVALS.

SEVERAL weeks after the arrival of Lance Grenville, as he was generally called by his intimates, Helen Brainerd sat in her own room alone, and in deep and painful meditation, for she had confessed to her own heart, that she loved the brother of the man to whom she was engaged.

Since his return home, Lance had settled down to a quiet plantation life, and resumed the charge of the Grenville estates. He seemed no longer the restless wanderer, and his mother believed, now, that she would keep him ever near her while she lived.

As she sat thus in her room, in deep thought, Helen reviewed her meetings with Lance since his coming, and she felt that her love for him was returned, though no word of his had ever given her cause to feel that he cared for her, other than as the intended bride of his brother; still she read his heart, as often a woman can, when she is the one adored.

Fretted at the mistake she had made, in confessing her love for Arthur, with an impatient gesture Helen Brainerd arose, and leaving her room, went out for a walk in the lonely grounds, for she needed action to keep off her painful reveries.

Mechanically she sought the path leading to the rustic arbor on the cliff, and threw herself down in a wicker chair, to gaze out over the sea.

"A rosebud for your thoughts, Miss Helen." The maiden started at the voice, and beheld before her a young man, elegantly dressed, and with a face that would have been very handsome, had it not been marred by dissipation and recklessness.

In his hand he held a red rosebud, which he offered her in payment for the thoughts he had asked to know.

Before coming to her present home, Helen had met in New Orleans Rosal Abercrombie, who then stood before her.

He had come of good family, but at the death of his father, some years before, he had inherited a large estate, which his wild extravagances soon swamped in debt, and from him Commodore Brainerd had purchased the elegant home in which he then lived.

With no mother's influence to guide his early years, for Mrs. Abercrombie had died when her boy was an infant, and reared by his father, a man wholly governed by his son, it was no wonder that Rosal became wild, recklessly extravagant, and willful, and threw away his inheritance without thought of the future.

When all was nearly gone, and he was forced to sell his plantation home to pay his debts, Rosal Abercrombie met Helen Brainerd, and from the first meeting loved her, and swore she should become his wife.

Admiring him much, the maiden had at first seemed to favor his suit; but, after her father had purchased of the dissolute youth his home, and she had met Arthur Grenville, she no longer cared for Rosal, who, to do him justice, had given up his wild life, and upon the wreck of his fortune was living quietly in the village near his former abode.

Though he knew that the maiden was the promised wife of Arthur Grenville, Rosal Aber-



"Ha! ha! ha! Helen Brainerd, two can play at the game of revenge, as you shall know."

crombie did not despair of yet winning her, and was wont to often ride over to Landhaven, as the commodore had named his place, to see the object of his love.

"My thoughts were not of interest to you, Mr. Abercrombie; but be seated; I am glad you have come to drive them away, for they were not of the pleasantest," said Helen, quietly.

"Would that I could ever drive from you that which was unpleasant to you, Helen," remarked the young man, earnestly.

"Mr. Abercrombie, is this generous, is it honorable in you, when you know I am engaged to another?"

"Bah! engaged to one man and loving another," sneered the young profligate.

"What mean you, sir? If you intend to insult me, my father shall know of your impertinence," and Helen arose to her feet, an angry flush upon her cheeks.

"Helen Brainerd, sit down! I wish to talk with you. Nay, do not exhibit anger, for though becoming in a great degree, it is yet out of place with one who loves you as I do, and who would make you his wife."

"So you have often said, and as often have received my answer: I do not love you, Mr. Abercrombie."

"Still I would have you marry me, Helen."

"Yes, you would use me as a stepping-stone, to get back your old home, which you threw away by extravagance."

The man's brow darkened; but he answered, calmly.

"No, I would marry you because I love you; had I known you years ago I would not now be what I am."

"I love you, Helen, with all my soul, and would have you my wife, even though I believed you loved another."

"Your love is hopeless, Rosal," protested Helen, with some kindness in her tone; and then she added:

"I could not commit such a sin as to marry one man and love another."

"Then I suppose you will break your engagement with Arthur Grenville?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Simply that you love Lance Grenville, though engaged to Arthur."

"Again you insult me, sir, and upon my own land."

"If the truth offends, so be it; I tell you that which you dare not deny, and I would show you a way out of your present difficulty."

"I have read your secret, Helen Brainerd, and I have read his secret love for you, and trouble hangs like a suspended knife above your head."

"Be warned, Helen, and cause no trouble between those two brothers; they are noble fellows, yet they are high-strung and passionate, and the secret will leak out, and the green-eyed monster, jealousy, may make one or the other of them a Cain."

"Break with them, Helen, and marry me."

The maiden gazed upon the man before her with a wild look in her eyes and a white face. She knew well that he spoke the truth.

And she dreaded that her secret might yet be known and then trouble would come.

She had not intended being untrue to Arthur; but it was her intention to keep her pledged word to him, and become his wife, even though Lance Grenville had fascinated her from her love for his brother.

Now she felt that her secret, hardly more than admitted to her own breast, was in the possession of a reckless man—one whom she felt loved her, and would gain her for his wife by fair means if he could, by foul means if he must.

It was no wonder then that she turned a frightened face toward Rosal Abercrombie, but her tongue would utter no word.

You have heard me, Helen; in a week I will come for my answer.

"See, I offer myself to save you from doing that which may be a great crime."

"I offer you my whole love. I am not yet a beggar, for I have enough to live on, and for you I will work with every energy I possess. Farewell! In one week I will come for my answer."

The man turned, walked toward the mansion, and a moment after Helen saw him dash away on horseback, and a deep sigh escaped her lips.

"Poor Helen!"

The maiden started with a cry of alarm, and turned quickly.

Before her stood the tall, elegant form of Lance Grenville.

He was in hunting costume, buck-skin suit, top-boots and slouch hat, and stood leaning upon the muzzle of his rifle.

The arbor was divided into three compartments—a center one, open seaward and landward, and here Helen had been seated when joined by Rosal Abercrombie.

Upon either side of this open hall were two small rooms—one used as a smoking and card-room, the other as a reading retreat for warm days.

In the doorway of the latter now stood Lance Grenville, his dark face stern and ashen, and his somber eyes still more sorrowful.

"Pardon me, Helen, for having been an eavesdropper—I was strolling along the beach, shooting water-fowl, became fatigued and came here to rest, expecting to disturb no one."

"I dropped off to sleep, lulled by the wash of the waves, and your voices in conversation awakened me, and I would have made my presence known had I not heard that which caused me to remain quiet, I cared not that Rosal Abercrombie should know I was present. Am I pardoned for eavesdropping?"

"Yes; but oh! what have you not heard?" groaned the unhappy girl.

"I have heard that which would make me extremely happy, were my joy not purchased with my brother's misery."

"Did Rosal Abercrombie speak the truth, Helen, when he said you cared for me more than for Arthur?"

"He did."

"You confess it?"

"With humiliation, yes."

"It is not humiliating to confess one's love, Helen, for I tell you that I love you with my whole heart, now that the secret is no longer my own."

Helen gave a half-cry, as if of joy, of sorrow, and alarm mingled.

Before her stood the noble man, who had just confessed his love for her.

But he drew not nearer to her; his rifle he had leaned against the door, and his arms were folded upon his broad breast.

For a moment a deep and painful silence followed his words.

Then Lance Grenville continued slowly and in his strangely soft tones:

"It is a great joy, Helen, to know that you love me, and yet it is a sorrow unspeakable, for it comes from the lips of one who is betrothed to one dearer to me than all other men—my brother Arthur."

"For me you feel but a passing fancy, a fascination that will fade away as soon as I am gone from here, and your noble breast will go back to its first allegiance, and you will wonder how it could have strayed into forbidden fields."

"But, once again, ere I leave you, Helen, let my ears drink in the sweet words, and my heart clasp close this phantom love; tell me you love me, and if it were not for Arthur, that you would be my wife."

"I love you, Lance Grenville," passionately said the maiden, advancing toward him.

But he held her off, and said in a low voice:

"No; your lips are sacred to him. If my brother were to die I would claim you then, but not while he lives."

"Helen Brainerd, farewell forever."

Quickly the strong man turned, and walked away down the cliff path, and, her heart wrung with anguish, Helen Brainerd threw herself up on the floor, and leaning upon the wicker chair buried her face in her hands.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAIN OCCURRED.

SOBBING bitterly, Helen Brainerd remained some time in her perfect abandon of grief.

Then she started, for a light touch fell upon her shoulder.

"Ah, Lance," she burst forth, "I knew that you would not leave me thus."

"It is not Lance, Helen."

With a bound, like an enraged lioness, Helen Brainerd was upon her feet.

Before her stood Arthur Grenville!

"You! you have heard my words, sir?" she said, savagely.

"I behold you here in great grief, Helen. Your father told me I would find you here, and I heard you speak the name of my brother in strange tones. His rifle stands there, and I saw him going up the beach, a minute since."

"What does it all mean, Helen?"

The maiden made no reply, and after a moment Arthur Grenville continued:

"I will speak for you, Helen, and not in anger will I say a word."

"You remember when we stood together here, and awaited the coming of my brother?"

"Yes," broke from the white lips.

"Then I told you, half in earnest, for I seemed to feel a presentiment of coming evil, not to fall in love with Lance."

"Still I tell you, Helen, that I have lately seen that such has been the case!"

"Yes, Helen, you love my brother, and not me."

Still the maiden uttered no word, and the man went on:

"I grieve over this afternoon to break my engagement with you, and to say good-by."

"No, no, no, do not leave me, Arthur!" groaned the unhappy girl.

"Yes, I intended to rejoin my ship at once, and beg to be sent, cruising in the southern waters after buccaners, and never to return, until you were the wife of Lance Grenville, for I know how well you two love each other."

"No, no, Arthur! I do not love him, you only do love, and I swear it."

"My regard for him was adoration—fascination."

"You mistake, Helen; you love Lance, as he does you, and our engagement is at an end."

"Henceforth you are but as a sister to me."

The maiden stretched forth her hands beseechingly toward him, and her lips moved; but no word came from them—her heart was almost breaking with the intensity of her feelings.

"Helen, I dare not touch your hand; I dare not—yes, for this once only, and it is my farewell to love."

Springing forward he seized her in his strong arms—pressed her an instant to his breast, kissed her lips once, twice, thrice, and then turned away; turned away, not seeing that she had sunk in a heap upon the floor of the arbor, wholly unconscious.

With rapid steps Arthur Grenville sought the mansion, sprung upon his waiting horse, and dashed swiftly away, just as the sun went down in the blue waters of the gulf.

An hour after sunset, Lance Grenville returned to his elegant home, where his mother was awaiting tea for him.

He looked pale and haggard, and glancing anxiously into his stern face, his mother inquired if he were ill.

"No, mother; bodily I am all right; but heart and brain are suffering," he answered, bitterly.

"My poor, poor boy," said the fond mother, remembering how he had suffered in the past,

after the death of Colonel Darrington by his hand, and the suicide of poor Lucile.

"Mother?"

"Well, Launcelot?" and Mrs. Grenville was almost frightened at the tone of her son's voice.

"It is useless trying; I cannot remain here; I will leave home once more."

"Not soon, I trust, Launcelot?" said the mother, her heart sinking with dread.

"Yes, to-morrow; ay, to-night—within the hour," he announced, earnestly.

"And whither would you go, my son?"

"Anywhere, everywhere! back to Mexico, and again take command of a cruiser."

"Does not David sail to-night for New Orleans with marketing?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then I shall go with him; I will at once pack my trunk, so please send word not to let the lugger sail without me."

"But you will miss seeing Arthur?" said Mrs. Grenville, trying by some ruse to detain him if she could.

"He went over to Landhaven, I suppose?"

"Yes, Lance."

"Then he will not return until late; bid him good-by for me, and the unhappy man left the tea-room."

In an hour's time he returned, dressed for traveling, and accompanied by a negro servant bearing his trunk.

Sorrowing for her son, whom she believed was flying from the cruel memories that haunted him when at home, Mrs. Grenville bade him farewell with many tears, and entreaties not to remain long away from her.

"I am getting old fast, Lance; see, my hair is white now, and ere long you will have no mother."

"The sorrows I have had, have left their impress here," and she laid her hand upon her heart.

"If you remain away long, my son, you will find no welcome from me upon your return, for I will be sleeping yonder," and she pointed to a grove of trees at the other end of the garden, where, for generations, the Grenvilles had been laid in their last resting-place.

"If you die, mother, I shall never return home; you are the only anchor that I have to hold me here," and he drew his mother toward him, imprinted a kiss upon the silver hair and was gone.

With quick, heavy step he walked down toward the landing, a few hundred yards distant, followed by the servant bearing his trunks.

At a small pier lay a lugger, a plantation trading-boat, the sails up, and the negro crew, of three men, awaiting his coming.

"Well, Dave, I am to be your passenger to New Orleans."

"So missis sent word, massa, an' I has had the cabin fixt up as nice as possible," said the black skipper, politely, then he added: "Ise sorry to see you goin' away so soon, sah."

"I must go, Dave; but I will remain on deck, on a blanket, if I care to sleep, for the night is beautiful to go into the cabin," and Lance Grenville glanced over the moonlit waters, for a full moon rode in the cloudless heavens.

"Are you ready now, Dave?"

"Yes, sah, if you is, massa."

"Then cast off, for I am most anxious to be away," impatiently said Lance Grenville, and the lugger was slowly swung round to catch the breeze.

"Hold on there with that craft! put back to the wharf, or I will fire on you!"

The words were loud and determined, and issued from the lips of a horseman, who dashed down to the pier, followed by a score of companions, also mounted.

"Put back, Dave; you have not been stealing, I hope," said Lance Grenville, calmly.

"No, sah; but dat am de new sheriff, sah, sartin'."

In another moment the lugger was again alongside the pier, and Lance Grenville sprang ashore, and asked, sternly:

"Of what has my servant been guilty, gentlemen, that you come after him, mounted and armed?"

"It is not your servant we are after, Captain Grenville, but yourself," answered sheriff Winston, laying his hand upon the arm of the young man.

"Indeed! of what am I accused?" sneeringly demanded Lance Grenville.

"You are guilty of as base a crime as—"

The man said no more, for a blow, fair in the face, laid him his length upon the ground.

"Hold! Lance Grenville, you cannot escape," and a dozen pistols were leveled upon him.

"I seek not to escape; I but punished one who said I was guilty of a base crime; of what am I accused?"

He turned haughtily upon those who confronted him.

Then one dismounted and stepped toward him; it was Rosal Abercrombie.

"Lance, my poor friend, the charge against you is a severe one, and I trust it can be proven false."

"Name it, sir."

"Murder! Who have I murdered?" and Lance spoke half-earnestly, half-laughingly.

"Your brother, Arthur."

As the last name issued from the lips of Rosal Abercrombie, the hand of Launcelot Grenville was upon his throat, and he was hurled back with a force that nearly stunned him.

"Liar! wretch! you dare make that charge against me!"

It is a severe charge, Captain Grenville, and it remains with you to prove it untrue," said an old planter, coming forward.

"Arthur, my brother Arthur dead?"

"He is, sir."

"Who killed him?"

"I? why should I kill poor Arthur?"

"Captain Grenville," and the sheriff approached, cautiously: "Captain Grenville, I am very sorry, sir, but it is my duty, sir, to arrest you upon the charge of murder, and I must iron you, as already we know how violent you can be."

The head of the proud man dropped on his breast, and a deep groan broke from his lips, as he stood a moment in silence.

Then he said, calmly, facing his accusers, and holding his wrists together:

"Do your duty, sir."

The manacles were clasped upon his wrists, and the party set off for the manor.

As they ascended the broad steps of the piazza another deep sorrow fell upon the prisoner—a sorrow almost greater than he could bear.

At the door a servant met him, and from his lips broke the words:

"Massa Lance, your poor mother am dead."

"Dead! my mother dead, too?"

He spoke like one in his sleep.

"Yes, sah; when de gemmans comed an' tol' her how you had kill Massa Art'ur, den she lay down on de sofa an' die," said the old negro, the factotum of the Grenville manor, when his young masters were little boys.

With a groan from his inmost heart, Laurence Grenville sunk down in a chair, and buried his face in his manacled hands.

CHAPTER IX.

A STRANGE COMPACT.

"I HAVE come for my answer, Helen."

Helen Brainerd sat alone in the sea-view arbor on the cliff, and her eyes were looking fixedly out over the sunlit waters of the Gulf, though they apparently saw nothing, as she seemed lost in bitter thought.

Her face was blanched, her eyes deep-sunken, and her haggard looks proved that she had suffered, in the week that had passed, since she last sat in that arbor, and was left there in a deep faint by Arthur Grenville.

Like a lightning stroke, the news had come upon her, that Arthur Grenville was dead, and that his brother was his murderer!

For days she had lain in a kind of semi-stupor, conscious, yet uttering no word; but at last she had left her room, and, to her father's delight, had joined him at breakfast; very morning, a week from the day of the murder.

As though determined to shut out the past, she had gone about her duties with a quiet manner, for she was her father's housekeeper, and then she sat down to the piano and idly ran her fingers over the keys; but the air she started, drifted off into a dirge, and seizing her unfinished novel, she walked out toward the arbor.

But not to read, for bitter memories thronged upon her, and her face soon became as cold as marble; but in her eyes dwelt a strange light.

"I have come for my answer, Helen."

The maiden did not start; she knew who addressed her, and she said, quietly:

"I am glad you have come, Mr. Abercrombie; I wish to talk with you."

A bright look crossed the man's face, and entering the arbor he seated himself upon a settee.

"From my heart I pity you, Helen."

"Do you?" was the calm reply.

"Indeed I do; it came so soon, so unexpectedly upon you."

"You are without a rival now?"

It was half-sarcastic, half a question, and there was a sneer in her tone.

"Yes; one dead, and one in prison and as well as doomed—this is why I came to beg you to let me have the right to comfort you in your sorrow."

"The world need not know; only give me the promise that you will become my wife. I told you I would return in one week, and though I knew your sorrow was overwhelming, I have come."

The man pleaded earnestly, and his voice trembled.

After a silence of a moment, Helen said:

"I am glad you have come, for I would learn from you all about this cruel murder."

"From me? Why did not your father tell you all?" asked Rosal, in surprise.

"He told me that Arthur Grenville had fallen by the hand of his brother; that was all I then cared to know. Now I will hear all from you."

"I will make known all that I can tell of the sad affair, Helen, in which, unfortunately, I was forced to take a too conspicuous part."

"You!" and the eyes turned earnestly upon his face.

"Yes; the word first came to me of the murder."

"I am listening," as Rosal Abercrombie paused.

"Well, you know I left you here, the other afternoon, and rode down to the beach to the cabin of old Beal, the fisherman, intending to engage him and his craft for a day's sport."

"I did not find Beal at home, and on returning met him, just after dark, a mile from here, at the White Cliff, and he held in his hand a coat dark object, which he informed me was a coat of arms, and by the bright moonlight recognized it as the coat worn by Arthur Grenville, and, from Beal, I learned that a terrible tragedy had taken place."

"He was off shore fishing in his small boat, and at sunset saw a horseman ride out upon the cliff, and he recognized Arthur Grenville, who seemed to be gaining seaward, as though in search of a sail."

"A moment, he said, that Arthur remained there, and then he saw him fall from his horse, and the report of a rifle reached his ears."

"He was so surprised at what he beheld that he remained motionless, and then, by the light of the rising moon, he saw a tall form run out upon the cliff, from the pine thicket, and bend over the body of Arthur Grenville."

"A moment he remained thus, and then he arose, bearing the body in his arms, and hurried it from the cliff into the sea."

"For awhile he stood after the deed, and then walked rapidly back to the pine thicket, and Beal next beheld him dash away upon a white horse."

"Then the fisherman remained inactive no longer, and hastily rode seaward, and searched for the body, but without success, and going upon the cliff he found the coat, hat and boots of Arthur Grenville, for such I recognized them to be."

"From his description of the murderer, 'a very tall man, riding a white horse,' I felt that it must be Lance Grenville, for you know I had dreaded trouble."

"Yes, your recollections were quickly realized. What did you then do, Rosal?"

"There was a strange calmness in the manner and tone of the woman, and Rosal Abercrombie doubted if she had loved Arthur Grenville as well as he had believed, or his brother at all."

"I felt it my duty to cause the arrest of Lance Grenville, and I sought the sheriff, Mr. Beal, went after several of the planters, and we met at the residence of the Grenvilles, and, to add to our suspicions, learned that Lance had just left home for an indefinite period, going by the market lugger to New Orleans."

"While several of the party remained at the mansion, to acquaint the poor mother with the sad tidings, we dashed down to the pier, and captured the murderer, but not until he had knocked the sheriff down, and roughly handled me."

"Poor Mrs. Grenville! How terrible must have been her sorrow!"

"Her sorrows were soon at an end; she died from the shock, as you know she had heart-disease."

Helen Brainerd started, and her form trembled violently, for she had dearly loved the noble old lady to whose son she had been betrothed.

After a long silence, which Rosal Abercrombie would not interrupt, Helen asked:

"And Laurence Grenville is in prison now?"

"Yes, he is in the village jail, doubly ironed."

"When will he be tried?"

"In two weeks."

"There is no proof that Lance Grenville is the murderer?"

"Yes, he was seen by Beal, and—"

"How far off was Beal?"

"Well, say two hundred yards from the shore."

"Did he say that it was Lance Grenville who did the deed?"

"What a Yankee you are for questions, Helen! He said it was a very large man, and that he rode away on a white horse, after throwing the body into the sea."

"The body was never found, was it?"

"No; it drifted out with the tide, and the

beach, for miles, has been searched in vain for it."

"The description of the murderer answers to Lance Grenville, certainly; still it may not have been, and a court will ask many questions before he is condemned on that evidence."

"You need offer no excuse for the man you love, Helen, for—"

"Silence, sir! I tell you that better evidence must be found to hang Lance Grenville, and, Rosal Abercrombie, you must find it!"

"Great God!"

The man was on his feet in an instant; but the maiden was perfectly serene, a strange smile upon her lips, a stranger look in her eyes.

"In God's name what do you mean, Helen Brainerd?"

"Just what I say, sir; you must find evidence that will hang Lance Grenville for the murder of his brother Arthur."

"I thought you loved Lance Grenville!" gasped the man, inquiringly.

"I thought so, too; it was a fascination, an infatuation."

"And Arthur Grenville?"

"Was my first, last and only love."

The maiden spoke with painful earnestness, and looked the man before her squarely in the face.

"You have just found this out?"

"Yes, when he is dead, and his brother is his murderer."

"And you wish now to have Lance Grenville—"

"Hung?"

The eyes fairly blazed now, and the lips were bloodless; the man was fairly frightened.

"Rosal Abercrombie, I hate Lance Grenville as fervently as I loved his brother, and I am revengeful, and I must die, and you must supply the evidence necessary to condemn him."

"I will show you. Go into that arbor, look behind the door, and then tell me what you discover."

The man quietly obeyed, and returning, said in a whisper:

"It is Lance Grenville's rifle."

"Yes; he left it here one week ago to-day—can it not be made use of?"

"How?"

"It is not," said Rosal, after an examination.

"It was fired last a week ago, then; cannot an expert tell by examination if a firearm has just been discharged, or—"

"Yes, I understand; tell me your plan," said the man, an evil look creeping into his eyes.

"If you found the rifle near the White Cliffs—hidden in the fine straw, and—"

"Helen Brainerd, you are a very devil for plotting! This evidence will be sufficient to hang him."

"It may, and it may not; there must be more."

"How and when can I get it?"

"See the prosecuting attorney, and tell him that, in my grief, I saw to it that my testimony would hang Lance Grenville, if I gave it."

"Your testimony?"

"Yes; one week ago Lance Grenville stood where you do now, and said to me that which I will make known before a court, if I am called as a witness."

"You shall be there; but your revenge against Lance is fearful."

"I hate as I love—with my whole soul; now take the rifle and go."

"And my reward—for I do this for you alone, Helen."

"The day that Lance Grenville is sentenced to be hung, I will pledge myself to become your wife, upon any day after one year from Arthur Grenville's death that you will name."

"By Heaven! do you mean it?" and a look of triumph shot into the eyes of the man.

"I do, and with me you will get back this, your old home, and the bones of your ancestors, which you sold to my father."

The sneer in the words caused Rosal Abercrombie to turn deadly pale; but he said, as calmly as he could:

"You will love me then, Helen?"

"No; that is not in my compact with you—I loved Arthur Grenville living, and I love his memory now; I will hate you, but I will be your wife."

"Enough; I am content with my compact. I will indeed be envied, for the world will only see that my bride is in the image of an angel, and not behold that she has the heart of a devil."

"True, but you will know me as I am—as I know you, Rosal Abercrombie. Good-evening, sir," and the revenge-crazed woman swept haughtily from the arbor, while Rosal Abercrombie took up the tell-tale rifle, muttering to himself:

"Ay, my beauty, I will be revenged on you, too, for casting me aside for Arthur Grenville. Yes, I will gain my beautiful wife, and her golden dowry, and once again have back the home of my forefathers."

"Ha! ha! ha!" Helen Brainerd, too, can play at the game of revenge, as you shall know.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 457.)

The End of "Old Bush."

BY EDWARD WILKETT.

ONE of the noted desperadoes who during several years infested the Ozark range of mountains in South-west Missouri, was known as "Old Bush."

Before he developed into a horse-thief and outlaw in general, he had been in common with many other characters of the same class, a guerrilla, during the great civil war, at the close of which he had found himself unable to settle to peaceful pursuits, and had devoted his life to depredations upon his fellow-men. His specialty was horse-stealing, but he did not object to an occasional highway robbery, and his exploits were not unaccompanied by such homicides as even he was unable to justify upon the plea of self-defense. He probably possessed a name that was given to him in baptism—supposing him to ever have been baptized; but it had been forgotten by all except himself, and he was known to his fellow-outlaws and to the officers of justice only as "Old Bush."

In the course of his career as a guerrilla, he had been guilty of many cruel and bloody deeds, one of the worst of which was the killing of a Union soldier named Peters, whom he had found at his home, recovering from a severe wound, and had slaughtered him in cold blood. The murdered Unionist had left a brother, many years younger than himself, who, as he progressed from boyhood toward manhood, warmly cherished the memory of his dead brother, and was determined to be revenged upon his assassin for his untimely taking off.

At the age of sixteen Frank Peters was a proficient in the sport of hunting, and was well-versed in the arts of woodcraft. He was an excellent shot, and justly prided himself upon the skill with which he used his squirrel rifle. He ranged extensively through the hills and forests of that sparsely settled region, being well acquainted with the intricacies of the rugged Ozark ranges. In the course of his hunting rambles he believed that he had hit upon the hiding-place of the notorious outlaw, "Old Bush," who had a cabin in a valley clearing, which he seldom visited, but whose favorite haunt was believed to be located in some undiscovered or unvisited portion of Blue Hill, one of the most northerly peaks of the range.

Frank Peters of course knew that the authorities of that section of country were anxious to get the outlaw into their hands, and his own feeling toward "Old Bush" was one of mortal hatred. It was natural for him to believe that he could serve the ends of justice, and at the same time gratify his own longing for vengeance, by leading the authorities to the supposed hiding-place of the outlaw. With this view he put himself in communication with the sheriff of his county, and was directed to first verify his discovery, and then to ascertain the easiest way

of approach to the cavern which he believed to be the habitation of the outlaw.

The boy set out to accomplish this object, armed, as usual, with his squirrel rifle. He ascended Blue Hill, reconnoitered the cavern which he had previously discovered, and entered it when he had satisfied himself that there was nobody within. He found abundant evidence of occupation, including some articles which left him in no doubt of the recent presence of "Old Bush." Then he set himself to discover an entrance to the cavern, and in this effort he was also successful, coming upon a bridge-path which had evidently been used by the outlaw for the purpose of taking stolen horses up and down the hill.

Having settled these points to his satisfaction, and being fatigued by his exertions, Frank Peters sat down to rest on a ledge which overhung a wild ravine, and which was backed by a steep acclivity. As he rested there, he sunk into a doze, from which he was rudely aroused by the pressure of a heavy hand and the sound of a coarse voice. Looking up, he saw "Old Bush" standing before him.

There was no mistaking the man. His great size, his outlandish attire, his grizzled red hair and beard, and the look of truculent determination on his face, could belong to none but "Old Bush."

Escape or resistance was hopeless. The boy the giant, who had already possessed himself of the squirrel rifle, and who also carried a superior weapon of his own. There was, besides, a strange expression upon the man's face, which caused Frank to hope that he might possibly be induced to mercy.

"Taint no use, young one," said the outlaw, as the strange expression spread out into a grin. "Reckon you know me, don't you?"

Frank nodded.

"I 'Old Bush,' the man you are after. How do I know that you are after me? Why, I have my friends down yonder, and I know everything that's goin' on. Couldn't carry on business without friends. I know that you had to slip about with your rifle, and I know that you had to get it out of me. So I watched for you. You came to hunt me down, and you have caught me; or I have caught you, which ain't quite the same thing, is it, but—"

As Frank could interpose no plea to this indictment, he discreetly held his tongue.

"You are Frank Peters," continued the outlaw. "You are the brother of Ben Peters, the man who shot at me, and don't blame you for wantin' to get even with me, but I must allow it, you know. By rights I ought to chuck you over that into the sink, but I don't want to do it. I have been sorry that I killed your brother, and I want to clear your name, if you will. You would choose to live, wouldn't you?"

Frank nodded again.

"Of course you would, and I mean to give you the chance. But I can't let you go. That would be safe, and you are a smart boy, and would make a splendid soldier, but I must allow it, you know. By rights I ought to chuck you over that into the sink, but I don't want to do it. I have been sorry that I killed your brother, and I want to clear your name, if you will. You would choose to live, wouldn't you?"

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answer from himself. "Can I take the liberty of asking him into your house, Mahon?"

"Certainly, my dear boy! Bring him in here, if you like, and let him join us."

"Thanks, major," interrupts Rycroft. "But no, I'd prefer first having a word with him alone. Instead of drinking, he may want fighting with me."

"O-ho!" ejaculates the major. "Murtagh!" to the servant, an old soldier of the 18th, "show the gentleman into the drawing-room."

"Mr. Shenstone?" proceeds Rycroft in explanation, "have but the very slightest acquaintance. I've only met him a few times in general company; the last at a ball—a private one—three nights ago. 'Twas that very morning I met the priest, I supposed I'd seen up there. 'Twould seem as if everybody on the Wyeside had taken the fancy to follow me into France."

"Ha—ha—ha! About the *prêtre*, no doubt you're mistaken. And maybe this isn't your man, either. The same name, you're sure?"

"Quite. The Herefordshire baronet's son is George, as his father, to whose title he is heir. I never heard of his having any other—"

"Stay!" interrupts the major, again glancing at the card. "Here's something to help identification—an address—*Ormeau Hall, Wexford*."

"Ah! I didn't observe that." In his agitation he had not, the address being in small script at the corner. "Ormeau Hall? Yes, I remember, Sir George's residence is so called. Of course it's the son—must be."

"But why do you think he means fight? Something happened between you, eh?"

"No; nothing between us, directly."

"Ah! Indirectly, then? Of course the old trouble—a woman."

"Well; if it is fighting the fellow's after, I suppose it may be about the woman. I rejoin Rycroft, half in soliloquy and pondering over what took place on the night of the ball. Now vividly recalling that scene in the summer-house, with the angry words there spoken, he feels good as certain George Shenstone has come after him on the part of Miss Wynne."

The thought of such championship stirs his indignation, and he exclaims:

"By heavens! he shall have what he wants. But I mustn't keep him waiting. Give me that card, major!"

The major returns it to him, coolly observing:

"If it is to be a blue pill, instead of a whisky-punch, I can accommodate you with a brace of barkers, good as can be got in Boulogne. You haven't told me what your quarrel's about; but from what I know of you, Rycroft, I take it you're in the right, and you can count on me as a second. Lucky it's my left wing that's clipped. With the right I can shoot straight as ever—should there be need for making it a four-cornered affair."

"Thank, Mahon! You're just the man I'd have asked such a favor from."

"The gentleman's inside the drawing-room, sir."

This from the ex-Royal Irish, who has again presented himself, satiating.

"Don't yield the *Sassenach* an inch!" counsels the major, a little of the old Celtic hostility stirring within him. "If he demand explanations, hand him over to me. I'll give them to his satisfaction. So, old fellow, be firm."

"Never fear," answers Rycroft, "he'll be steps out to receive the unexpected visitor, whose business with him he fully believes to have reference to Gwendolene Wynne."

And so it is. But not in the sense he anticipated, nor about the scene on which his thoughts have dwelt. George Shenstone is not there to call him to account for angry words, or rudeness of behavior. Something more serious; since it was the baronet's son who left Llangorren Court in company with the plain clothes policeman, the latter is still along with him; though not inside the house. He is standing upon the street at a convenient distance; though not with any expectation of being called in, or required for any further service nor professionally. Holding no writ, nor the right to serve such if he had it, his action hitherto has been simply to assist Mr. Shenstone in finding the man suspected of either abduction or murder. But as neither crime is yet proved to have been committed, much less brought home to him, the English policeman has no further errand in Boulogne, while the English gentleman now feels that his is almost as idle and aimless. The impulse which carried him thither, though honorable and gallant, was begot in the heat of blind passion. Given Wynne having no brother, he determined to take the place of one, his father now dead. And he resolved he had set out to seek the supposed criminal, "interview" him, and then act according to the circumstances, as his should develop themselves.

In the finding of his man he has experienced no difficulty. Llangorren Court, Llangorren Hotel, Llangorren, gave him no scent, as far as the grand *cavalcade* at the bottom of Portland Place. Beyond it was equally fresh, and lifted with like ease. The traveler's traps redirected at the Langham. "Paris via Folkestone and Boulogne," the name of the express noted by porters and traffic manager—was indication sufficient to guide George Shenstone across the Channel; and cross it he did by the next day's packet for Boulogne.

Arrived in the French seaport he would have gone straight on to Paris—had he been alone. But accompanied by the policeman the result was different. This—an old dog of the detective breed—soon as setting foot on French soil, went sniffing about among *sergents de ville* and *downers*, the upshot of his investigations being to bring the cause to an abrupt termination, he finding that the game had gone no further. In short, from information received at the Custom House, Captain Rycroft was run to earth in the Rue Tintinellière, under the roof of Major Mahon.

And now that George Shenstone is himself under it, having sent in his card, and been ushered into the drawing-room, he does not feel at ease; instead greatly embarrassed. Not from any personal fear; he has too much "pluck" for that. It is a sense of delicacy, consequent upon some dread of wrong-doing. What, after all, if his suspicions prove groundless, and it turn out that Captain Rycroft is entirely innocent? His heart, torn by sorrow, exasperated with anger, starting away from Herefordshire he did not thus interrogate. Then he supposed himself in pursuit of an abductor, who, when overtaken, would be found in the company of the abducted.

But, meanwhile, both his suspicions and sentiments have undergone a change. How could they otherwise? He pursued, has been traveling openly and without any disguise, leaving traces at every turn and deflection of his route, plain as finger-posts! A man guilty of aught illegal—much more one who has committed a capital crime—would not be acting thus! Besides, Captain Rycroft has been journeying alone, unaccompanied by man or woman; no one seen with him until meeting his friend, Major Mahon, on the packet landing at Boulogne!

No wonder that Mr. Shenstone, now *en fait* to all this—entirely ascertained along the route of travel—feels that his errand is an awkward one. Embarrassed when ringing Major Mahon's doorbell, he is still more so inside that room, while awaiting the man to whom his card has been taken. For a moment he has intruded himself into the house of a gentleman a perfect stranger to himself—to call his guest to account! The act is inexcusable, rude almost to grotesqueness!

But there are other circumstances attendant, of themselves unpleasant enough. The thing he has been tracking up to is a kind hare, or cowardly fox; but a man, a soldier, gentleman as himself, who, like a tiger of the jungles, may turn upon and tear him.

It is no thought of this, no craven fear which makes him pace Major Mahon's drawing-room floor so excitedly. His agitation is due to a different and nobler cause—the sensibility of the gentleman, with the dread of shame, should he find himself mistaken. But he has a consoling thought. Prompted by honor and affection, he

embarked in the affair, and still urged by them he will carry it to the conclusion *coute que coute*.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A PAGE D'AMOUR.

PACING to and fro, with stride jerky and irregular, Shenstone at length makes stop in front of the fireplace, not to warm himself—there is no fire in the grate—nor yet to survey his face in the mirror above. His steps are arrested by something he sees resting upon the mantle-shelf, a sparkling object—in short a cigar-case of the beaded pattern.

Why should that attract the attention of the young Herefordshire squire, causing him to start, as if first catches his eye? In his lifetime he has seen scores of such, without caring to give them a second glance. But it is just because he has looked upon this one before, or fancies he has, that he now stands gazing at it; on the instant after reaching toward and taking it up.

Ay, more than once has he seen that same cigar-case—he is now sure as he holds it in hand, turning it over and over—seen it before its embroidery was finished; watched fair fingers stitching the beads on, cunningly combining the blue and amber and gold, tastefully arranging them in rows and figures—two hearts central transfixing by a barbed and feathered shaft—all save the lettering he now looks upon, and which was never shown him. Many a time during the months past, he had hoped, and fondly longed, that the skillful enterpriser and elaborate workmanship might be for himself. Now he knows better; the knowledge revealed to him by the initials V. R. entwined in monogram, and the words underneath "MOM GWYN."

Three days ago, the discovery would have caused him a spasm of keenest pain. Not so now. After being shown that betrothal ring, no gift, no pledge, could move him to further emotion. He but tosses the beaded thing back upon the mantle, with the reflection that he to whom it belongs has been born under a more propitious star than himself.

Still the little incident is not without effect. It restores his firmness, with the resolution to act as originally intended. This is still further strengthened, as Rycroft enters the room, and he looks upon the man who has caused him so much misery. A man feared but not hated—for Shenstone's noble nature and generous disposition hinder him from being blinded either to the superior personal or mental qualities of his rival. A rival he fears only in the field of love, in that of war or strife of other kind, the doughty young west-country squire would dare even the devil. No tremor in his frame; no unsteadfastness in the glance of his eye, as he regards the other stepping inside the open door, and with the card in hand, coming toward him.

Long ago introduced, and several times in company together, but cool and distant, they coldly salute. Holding out the card Rycroft says, interrogatively:

"Is this meant for me, Mr. Shenstone?"

"Some matter of business, I presume. May I ask what it is?"

The formal inquiry, in tone passive and denying, throws the fox-hunter as upon his haunches. At the same time its evident implication stings him to a blurt if not rude rejoinder.

"I want to know—what you have done with Miss Wynne."

He so challenged starts aback, turning pale. And looks at the man who challenges him, while he repeats the words of the latter, with but the personal pronoun changed:

"What have I done with Miss Wynne?" Then adding, "Pray explain yourself, sir!"

"Come, Captain Rycroft; you know what I allude to."

"For the life of me I don't."

"Do you mean to say you're not aware of what's happened?"

"At Llangorren, the night of that ball. You were present; I saw you."

"And I saw you, Mr. Shenstone. But you don't tell me what happened."

"Not at the ball, but after."

"Well, and what after?"

"Captain Rycroft, you're either an innocent man, or, the most guilty on the face of the earth."

"Stop, sir! Language like yours requires justification of the gravest kind. I ask an explanation—demand it!"

This brusque reply, George Shenstone looks straight in the face of the man he has so savagely assailed; there to see neither consciousness of guilt, nor fear of punishment. Instead, honest surprise mingled with keen apprehension; the last not on his own account, but hers of whom they were united with the same day.

"This man knows nothing of Gwendolene Wynne. If she has been carried off, it has not been by him; if murdered, he is not her murderer."

"Captain Rycroft," he at length cries out in hoarse voice, the revulsion of feeling almost choking him, "if I've been wronging you I ask forgiveness; and you'll forgive. For if I have, you do not—cannot know what has occurred."

"I've told you I don't," affirms Rycroft, now certain that the other speaks of something different, and more serious than the affair he had himself been thinking of. "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Shenstone, explain! What has occurred there?"

"Miss Wynne is gone away! But whither?"

"Nobody knows. All that can be said is, she disappeared on the night of the ball, without telling any one—no trace left behind—except—"

"Except what?"

"A ring—a diamond cluster. I found it myself in the summer-house. You know the place—you know the ring, too?"

"I do, Mr. Shenstone; have reasons, painful ones. But I am not called upon to give them now, nor to you. What could it mean?" he adds, speaking to himself, thinking of that cry he heard when being rowed off. It connects it with what he hears now; seems once more resounding in his ears, more than ever resembling a shriek! "But, sir, please proceed!" For God's sake, keep nothing back—tell me everything!"

Thus appealed to, Shenstone answers by giving an account of what has occurred at Llangorren Court—all that had transpired previous to his leaving; and, frankly confesses his own reasons for being in Boulogne.

The manner in which it is received still further satisfying him of the other's guiltlessness, he again begs to be forgiven for the suspicions he had entertained.

"Mr. Shenstone," returns Rycroft, "you ask what I am ready and willing to grant—God knows how ready, how willing. If any misfortune has befallen her we are speaking of, however great your grief, it cannot be greater than mine."

Shenstone is convinced. Rycroft's speech, his looks, his whole bearing, are those of a man not only guiltless of wrong to Gwendolene Wynne, but one who, on her account, feels anxiety keen as his own.

He stays not to question further; but once more making apologies for his intrusion—which are accepted without anger—he bows himself back into the street.

The business of his traveling companion in Boulogne was over some time ago. His is now equally ended; and though without having thrown any new light on the mystery of Miss Wynne's disappearance, still with some satisfaction to himself, he dares not dwell upon. Where is the man who would not rather know his sweetheart dead than see her in the arms of a rival? However ignoble the feeling, or base to entertain it, it is natural to the human heart tortured by jealousy. Too natural, as George Shenstone that night knows, with head tossing upon a sleepless pillow. Too late to catch the Folkestone packet, his bed is in Boulogne—no bed of roses but a couch Procrustean.

Meanwhile, Captain Rycroft returns to the room where his friend, the major, has been awaiting him. Impatiently, though not in the interim unemployed; as evinced by a flat mahogany box upon the table, and beside it a brace of dueling pistols, which have evidently been submitted to examination. They are the "best barkers that can be got in Boulogne."

"We shan't need them, major, after all."

"The devil we shan't! He's shown the white feather!"

"No, Mahon; instead, proved himself as brave a fellow as ever stood before sword-point, or dared pistol bullet."

"Then there's no trouble between you?"

"Ah! yes, trouble; but not between us. Sorrow shared by both. We're in the same boat."

"In that case, why didn't you bring him in?"

"I didn't think of it."

"Well; we'll drink his health. And since you say you've both embarked in the same boat—a bad one—here's to your reaching a good haven, and in safety!"

"Thanks, major! The haven I now want to reach, and intend entering ere another sun sets, is the harbor of Folkestone."

The major almost drops his glass.

"Why, Rycroft, you're surely joking?"

"No, Mahon; I'm in earnest—dead, anxious earnest."

"Well, I wonder! No, I don't," he adds, correcting himself. "A man needn't be surprised at anything where there's a woman concerned. May the devil take her, who's taking you away from a better star than himself."

"Major Mahon!"

"Well—well, old boy! Don't be angry. I meant nothing personal, knowing neither the lady, nor the reason for thus changing your mind, and so soon leaving me. Let my sorrow at that be my excuse."

"You shall be told it, this night—now!"

In another hour Major Mahon is in possession of all that relates to Gwendolene Wynne, known to Vivian Rycroft; no more wondering at the anxiety of his guest to get back to England; nor does she, the skillful enterpriser, in his counsel his immediate return; accompanies him to the first morning packet for Folkestone; and at the parting hand-shake again reminds him of that well-timed ring in the ditch of Delia.

"God bless you, old boy! Whatever the upshot, remember you've a friend, and a bit of a tent to shelter you in Boulogne—n't forgetting a little comfort from the *cryer*!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 446.)

THE SLEEP VISITANT.

BY FREDERIC C. KURZ.

I dreamt I lay me down to sleep,
The rabbit fled to winter sky;
Far off the shepherd watched his sheep,
With ever-wakeful eye;

A hawk, soft, and creep
From out a wood close by;
The shepherd with his flute did thrill
The air with some sweet lay;

The happy murmuring of a rill,
A brook beside a mill;
My heart with a sweet rest did fill,
Upon that summer's day.

I slept, and dreamed I wandered free,
Through dell and shady grove;
Then you, an angel, came to me,
And sang some words of love;

Then came a wild sweet melody,
And then you sang of love.

Quick as the soul that upward springs,
When Death gives it new birth;
Quick as the thought that action brings,
Quick as the laugh of mirth,

I seized you, and I cut your wings,
That you might stay on earth.

Then I awoke from my sweet sleep;
The rabbit fled to winter sky;
The sun into the sea did creep;
The wood was purple-dyed;

The shepherd saw his sheep,
And you stood by my side.

No word spoke I, but at you gazed,
With wonder and surprise;
No word of welcome, and half-dazed,
I strove not even to rise;

And ere a foot or hand I raised,
You vanished from my eyes.

The Mad Rivals.

BY OLL COOMES.

"OLD KIRK BONNYFIELD, the hunter, and Black 'Dug'—as he was called—the renegade, war the bitterest, piznest foes I ever saw," said our old companion, Sam Corbett, by way of preface to our usual camp-fire yarn.

"You see," he went on, "Old Kirk used to belong to the Nor-western Fur Company, and Black Dug to the Hudson Bay; and as that was a despatch of rivalry between these two companies."

"The fact was, the two companies were natural enemies. The first time they met war at a tradin'-post and they got into a dispute and then a fight—a regular old-fashioned fist fight. They pounded away for an hour and quit even."

"I've told you I don't," affirms Rycroft, now certain that the other speaks of something different, and more serious than the affair he had himself been thinking of. "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Shenstone, explain! What has occurred there?"

"Miss Wynne is gone away! But whither?"

"Nobody knows. All that can be said is, she disappeared on the night of the ball, without telling any one—no trace left behind—except—"

"Except what?"

"A ring—a diamond cluster. I found it myself in the summer-house. You know the place—you know the ring, too?"

"I do, Mr. Shenstone; have reasons, painful ones. But I am not called upon to give them now, nor to you. What could it mean?" he adds, speaking to himself, thinking of that cry he heard when being rowed off. It connects it with what he hears now; seems once more resounding in his ears, more than ever resembling a shriek! "But, sir, please proceed!" For God's sake, keep nothing back—tell me everything!"

Thus appealed to, Shenstone answers by giving an account of what has occurred at Llangorren Court—all that had transpired previous to his leaving; and, frankly confesses his own reasons for being in Boulogne.

The manner in which it is received still further satisfying him of the other's guiltlessness, he again begs to be forgiven for the suspicions he had entertained.

"Mr. Shenstone," returns Rycroft, "you ask what I am ready and willing to grant—God knows how ready, how willing. If any misfortune has befallen her we are speaking of, however great your grief, it cannot be greater than mine."

Shenstone is convinced. Rycroft's speech, his looks, his whole bearing, are those of a man not only guiltless of wrong to Gwendolene Wynne, but one who, on her account, feels anxiety keen as his own.

He stays not to question further; but once more making apologies for his intrusion—which are accepted without anger—he bows himself back into the street.

The business of his traveling companion in Boulogne was over some time ago. His is now equally ended; and though without having thrown any new light on the mystery of Miss Wynne's disappearance, still with some satisfaction to himself, he dares not dwell upon. Where is the man who would not rather know his sweetheart dead than see her in the arms of a rival? However ignoble the feeling, or base to entertain it, it is natural to the human heart tortured by jealousy. Too natural, as George Shenstone that night knows, with head tossing upon a sleepless pillow. Too late to catch the Folkestone packet, his bed is in Boulogne—no bed of roses but a couch Procrustean.

took advantage of our applause and hoisted his canteen to his lips again. But before silence was restored, a coiled rope fell around the body of Old Kirk, and the next instant, he, saddle, canteen and all were snatched away from our midst, as if by a jerk of jagged lightning. We had just time to see a horseman disappear in the shadows, dragging our friend at his animal's heels.

"You see the villain had appeared—stole a march on us while we were laughing—and last week our beloved old friend. But the worst of it was, we saw the demon's face as he disappeared, and, by the kissin' Judas, it was the face of that hollyonated Black Dug!"

"We sprung to our feet, fired a fusillade at the villain, and then started in pursuit, like a hawk on foot. But we might as well 'a' chased the wind."

"Out into the moonlit prairie rode the revengeful devil. We saw him flyin' over the plain and the body of our friend draggin' behind. We knew that Kirk's days were numbered—that he had taken his last puff—old his last war, we saw the demon's face as he disappeared, and, by the kissin' Judas, it was the face of that hollyonated Black Dug!"

"We went back, mounted our horses, as we'd ought to have done at first, and started in pursuit. The trail was plain enough where that poor old body looked down and over the crest of the grass was flattened to the ground. We went on, and finally found the old man's hat, and further on his canteen, and still further on a stirrup. Our hearts grew sick and sad. We knew that we had no hope for Kirk, yet we moved on, actuated by our love for the old man, and a desire to take care of his body in case it weren't smeared all over the plains of Texas."

"Hour after hour we treaded along that awful trail o' death. The night wore slowly away. Moonlight was approaching, yet we found no beloved remains—no relief. Never did men have such gloomy, despondent feelings as we had that night. Our hearts seemed like lead in our breasts, and the very atmosphere seemed filled with suffocation that that invisible presence of death. Our voices sounded the red bells of the ghostly. Finally I stopped, clasped my head and tried to think as to whether or not we had passed into another sphere. In the midst of my reflections I heard an earthly sound. I listened. I heard some one whistlin' merrily as a lark. I saw a light and saw a man, and a horse, and a horseman, ambling over the prairie. He drew nigh unto us. We cried out, halt! A roar of laughter burst from the critter's lips. It was Old Kirk, as I hope for heaven!"

"What! Alive!" exclaimed one of the auditors.

"Yes, live as the helm of a healthy hornet; and, darn my buttons, afore we could rekindle from our speechless surprise, if he didn't throw his leg over the horn of his saddle and take up that confounded story in his own words. He left off when the lasso embraced him! And we couldn't do a blasted thing but hear him through, and when he'd concluded we made that prairie ring with shouts of joy. Our voices reached to the skies, and the waning stars danced with joy and the red beams of the early dawn fairly smoked. But the fact of it is, Old Kirk had been saved by his big saddle. The lasso had caught him and the saddle together and held them that as one, and in dragging through the clasp of a forked limb caught in front of the saddle and went along, and this dragged up other brush and grass so that our man Kirk lay on the top of all and had a nice slide over the prairie all in the moonlight's dreamy glow. Of course, Black Dug knew nothing of the shape things were in, but 'sposed the old fellow was bein' gradually distributed along the way in small chunks. But finally he stopped, dismounted and went back some three rods to see how much of his hated, vanquished enemy remained in a lump. Old Kirk layin' on his back, loosened the lasso and his legs, and ever which he alers carried in his bosom. When Dug bent over him, he thrust the pistol up into his face and fired. The villain fell dead as old Adam, and risin' up, Kirk took possession of his horse, slung his own big saddle on its back, mounted and rode back with victory upon his banner."

The Caribou;

OR,

"Barren Ground Reindeer."

BY S. W. FRAZIER.

The probable existence of two species of caribou, in North America has been suggested for a long while, the features of distinction being sufficiently marked to convey the idea to all who were acquainted with the animal. At least two strongly-marked varieties. The difference is based mainly in the much smaller size of the "Barren Ground" species, but having considerably longer, though very slender antlers, a gallant and a very different geographical distribution. It is confined almost entirely to the Barren Grounds, the north-eastern corner of North America along the Polar sea, bounded to the west by Great Slave, Athapasca, Wollaston, and Deer lakes, and the Coppermine river, and to the south by Churchill river.

The name is derived from the scarcity of wood throughout almost the entire extent, excepting in the vicinity of some of the streams. There are, indeed, shrubs and bushes, some of full size, others stunted trees; but these are not suitable for fuel or other economical purposes.

A striking physical feature of the Barren Grounds consists in the succession of small lakes in narrow valleys, and connected by rapid streams, offering, in many cases, serious impediments to the passage of boats. All about in fish, principally salmon, as trout, whitefish, and grayling, in numerous species.

The borders of these waters are inhabited by a few half-starved, miserable Indians, in the depths of poverty and degradation.

The barren ground reindeer graze by thousands, accompanied by the musk ox—another characteristic inhabitant. Both are enabled to exist in winter only in consequence of the great quantities of reindeer moss.

The second and larger species of reindeer is a characteristic of the western coast of North America—a region covered with wood, and reposing upon a narrow belt of primitive rocks. This is about two hundred miles wide, and is included between the Barren Grounds and the north shore of Lake Superior, extending also to some distance both east and west. Indeed, the features of this region are not lost in New Brunswick, nor even in the northern part of Maine, where caribou are found in vast numbers.

No other species than the Barren Ground caribou is set apart in the region inhabited by it. Occurring as it does by thousands, it is termed the common deer by hunters, just as the *Cervus Virginianus* bears this name in the United States. In no instance is the danger of relying upon the popular name of an animal for the determination of species more to be feared than here, where two such totally distinct species, economically, geographically and zoologically, are presented under a common name. The *Barren Ground* caribou is not confined, however, to the Barren Grounds of America. It occurs in Greenland, and is also found in Spitzbergen.

In size it is comparatively diminutive, the doe being not much larger than a good-sized sheep. When fat, the bucks weigh, cleaned, from 80 to 125 lbs., and occasionally more. The species agrees with other reindeer in the presence of horns in both sexes, although in the females and young males, they are less palmed; in all, they are slender, and have the stem much elongated. Most males have one or other brow antler developed, with a broad vertical plate extending forward between the eyes; occasionally, however, this is wanting.

The horns of this species follow the common law, and fall off annually. In a few months these are reproduced, becoming hard as they increase in size; and when they have attained their full growth, the hairy covering peels off in ragged filaments, which is a sure sign of the fatness of the animal, and generally takes place in the males between the months of September and November.

The bucks usually shed their horns in January, although in some cases they retain them considerably longer; while the does cast theirs in the spring, at the time they drop their young. The coat of hair is shed in July.

The shortness of the hair of the caribou, and the lightness of the skin when properly dressed, render it the most appropriate article for winter clothing in high latitudes. The skins of the young deer make the best dresses; and the animals should be killed for that purpose in August, as, after that month, the hair becomes long and brittle. They are so drilled into holes by the larvae of the gad-fly that eight or ten skins are required to make a suit of clothing for a grown person. But the skins are so impervious to cold that, with the addition of a blanket of the same material, any person may bivouac in the snow with safety, and even with comfort, in the most intense cold of an Arctic winter's night.

The horns of this variety of reindeer are wonderfully adapted to the country it inhabits; for, instead of being narrow and pointed, like those of the roebuck or fallow deer, they are broad, flat and spreading—a formation not only useful in preventing the animal from sinking in the winter so deep as to otherwise would do, but in shoveling away the snow from off the lichens clothing the rocks of the Barren Grounds, on which substance it feeds. They are, however, saved that trouble when driven to the woods for shelter, where they find a species of lichen hanging from the trees, which, from that circumstance, has been called reindeer moss.

In June, when the sun has dried up the lichens, the deer are to be seen in full march toward the sea-coast, to graze upon the sprouting carices and withered grass or hay of the preceding year, which, at that period, is still standing, and retains part of its sap, in all the moist places covering the bottoms of the narrow valleys on the coasts and islands of the Arctic sea.

Having dropped their young, they commence their annual migration in September, and reach the vicinity of the woods in October, at which time the males are in good condition, and there is a layer of fat deposited on the back and rump to the depth of three or four inches, and frequently five or six immediately under the skin, destined by the animal to be used as food. The females, however, which at that period are lean, acquire, in the course of the winter, a small *développe*, which lasts till they drop their young.

The reindeer supplies the Chippewans, Copper Indians, Dog Ribs, and Hare Indians with food, who would be totally unable to inhabit their barren lands were it not for the immense herds of this deer that exist there. Of the horns they form their fish-spears and hooks; and, previously to the introduction of iron by the traders, ice-chisels and various other utensils were made of them.

In dressing the skins, the skin-bone, split

THE EVENING OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

'Tis autumn time, and just below,
Those wreaths of thin blue smoke
From hamlet-house are rising slow,
And golden tapers cross the dusk.
In silence white the burial ground
In yonder quiet valley lies,
And weeping willows grow around
Where lathered-headstones rise.

The friends that trod those winding lanes
In the years forever dead
Are resting there where silence reigns—
While angels guard each bed.
Their faces though again I see
Through the years that lie between,
As the shadows gather o'er the lea,
Mid the graves and evergreen.

Childhood's friends, the maiden fair,
Who loved me so well, long ago,
Come back to me, and thro' the still air
Whisper echoes soft and low.
I hear a voice, a long-loved voice,
Speaking sweetly to my heart—
"Oh! weary heart, be calm! rejoice!
We'll meet on heaven's fair plain!"

Maud's Ambition.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"KEITH LENNOX! Marty Keith Lennox—Ada, are you crazy? I'd as soon think of cutting off my right arm as marrying Keith Lennox, or any other man who is not able to give me a better place to live in than this."

Maud Lawrence tossed her pretty golden-haired head, and looked at her indignant contempt at her sister Ada's mention of Keith Lennox's name.

"I am afraid you expect so much more than you will ever get from him. We are poor, obscure people, Maud, and it would be very unreasonable if a Prince Charming should come along and select either of us for his consort. And besides, Keith is a good fellow, Maud, and earning a salary equal to papa's. If all of us can live on twelve hundred a year, and such terrible doctor's bills for mamma, I am sure two healthy, strong young people ought to live on the same sum very luxuriously and save money in the bargain."

Ada's tone was earnest and gentle, and Maud felt obliged to listen, although there was a little sarcastic smile on her red lips.

"Twelve hundred a year! Ada, you don't seem to understand that I never, never will be satisfied unless I make a grand match. I ought to do it, Ada, for although, as you say, we are poor and obscure, I am pretty; I only speak of my appearance as so much stock in trade; I have a fair education; you have often told me I had 'style' enough to wear the strawberry leaves; and I am positive I would enjoy the position of a wealthy man's wife, and by that I mean, a position that commands houses and lands, horses and carriages, servants in livery and powder, a villa at the sea-shore, one in the mountains, a—"

Ada interrupted her with a little exclamation of almost concern.

"Child, how you are running on! You surely know how worse than folly it is for you to be so much in the habit of talking of a villa, a princess could hardly have more than you want."

Maud laughed and flushed, looking ravishingly sweet and piquant with her blue eyes all aglow, her mouth dimpled, and her cheeks glowing.

"Oh, but you interrupted me before I said all I want—and mean to have, too! I know there are diamonds, and grand costumes and European tours waiting for me, some time, somewhere, Maud, and when you deliberately advise me to marry Keith Lennox—I! Well, the insanity of the idea is appalling."

Ada opened her sewing-machine with a little sigh.

"Notwithstanding everything, I suppose your blue organdie must be finished in time for the new party to-morrow. And poor Keith will be there."

An impatient frown puckered up Maud's fair forehead.

"And what if he is? So will Mr. Holland, and Jennie Gatzmer's good-looking brother, and Phil Barry and—oh, dozens of young men. Only I don't know why you need say 'poor Keith'; he has twelve hundred a year, you know."

Her blue eyes sparkled saucily, but Ada, winning a bobbin did not see it, and answered gravely enough.

"I was not speaking of him financially. I am sorry for him, because he worships you, and you intend to throw him over."

Maud laughed deliciously—music that itself was a rare charm.

"Why don't you take him, Ada! You two suit each other remarkably well—and leave me to arrange my own affairs. Ada—" and the sweet voice suddenly dropped its gay, bantering tone, and was so seriously grave and resolute that Ada looked instantly up—"Ada, if Mr. Pemberton asks me, I shall accept him."

"Mr. Pemberton! Mr. Pemberton! Maud, my darling, don't say such a horrible thing again, even in jest! You sicken me, you frighten me—that wicked old man—oh, Maud, surely, surely you are only teasing me?"

For there was a resolute tone on Maud's grave face that emphasized her words, and she said, "Is he a wicked old man? Oh, of course he is not young—as Keith Lennox—but you will not deny that he is—oh! awfully rich—a 'Bonzan king' they call him, don't they? Papa says he's worth at least five million dollars."

The blue eyes were flashing and glowing on Ada's horrified face.

"Maud! What matter a thousand million if you must have it at such a—such a horrible sacrifice! He is so vulgar, so—so loud—so flashy, so old—why, his youngest child is nearly as old as you, Maud, and his wife hasn't been dead a year yet!"

Maud laughed again—that silvery little melody that had made Rufus Pemberton once boast before a bar-room full of admiring, envious comrades, that "if money could buy that laugh and the girl who run it, he'd be the purchaser."

"Well, there—there's no more to be said about it. Put the Torcheon lace on those ruffles, dear, and I'll look sweet! I do hope to-morrow I'll be a fair day, don't you?"

Then she went off to her room on some pretext or other, and Ada sat and sewed and grieved, and tried to hope that after all Maud would never let her mercenary ambition ruin her happiness.

Mr. Rufus Pemberton sat in his magnificent library that snowy, blustering morning, a look of perplexed annoyance on his coarse face as he read over and over again a letter he had just finished writing, in the construction of which he had wasted an hour, possibly, and which yet seemed unsatisfactory.

And the letter was to Maud Lawrence, to whom he had been engaged to be married since the day of the famous picnic, several months before, when Maud had been so ravishingly beautiful in her pale-blue organdie, with her golden curls flying, her pink cheeks flushing and dimpling, her exquisite laugh ringing silvery.

strength—maimed and marred for all time though she was—that Rufus Pemberton made up his coarse, sensual mind to get off his bargain with the girl whose beauty and grace he had thought a good exchange for his money. And the letter that bothered him was the letter to the girl he had asked to marry him, telling her, in plain, clumsy terms, that he no longer wanted her.

And it went into Maud's cheerful little invalid bedroom, where there was sunshine, and where there were flowers and a bird and a kitten, and new novels, and a bit of gay zephyr work—it went in into the brightness and comfort, like a cruel sword thrust into quivering flesh, hurting and stinging Maud's sensitive pride, and making her desperate in her shame and rage, and making Ada send up praises of thanksgiving even when she counted the price.

After that came the darkest days Maud Lawrence had ever known. More sickness and trouble followed, and death came and left the two girls alone and entirely unprovided for. They were obliged to go away from the pleasant little home that never before had seemed so pleasant to poor Maud; and the actual from day-to-day-fight with the world began; and Maud in her helplessness and misery had to sit by and let brave-hearted, chery-souled Ada earn the bread and cheese for them to eat.

It was during those days that the discipline of adversity worked its effect on Maud's subdued spirit, and she saw what a grand man Keith Lennox was—what a chance who had stood by them in all their circumstances, who had been Ada's counselor, comforter, friend; and who now, Maud saw with a bitterness of pain she never dreamed could come to her through Keith Lennox—she saw would one day be still near and near.

For Ada's eyes would brighten when he came, invariably asking for her; and when, through the day Maud would speak of him, Ada would flush and look conscious, and then Maud would feel the bitter pain, and tell herself her sense and better self had been awakened only in time to discover it was too late to be of avail.

It all culminated one day, when Ada went in to the quiet little room where Maud sat trying to eke out their close income, making some lace trimming for the stores, and she said to her, "I want to have a little talk with you, dear, about our affairs. I suppose we—I mean Keith and I—might have waited a little longer before we told you, but Keith asked me to tell you today, and so, dear, put down your work and listen."

Poor Maud! A look at Ada's sweet, peaceful happy face told her what was to be said, and although it was worse pain than any one could have told, Maud hushed the sorrowful sobs that were stirring in her heart before they reached her poor, quivering lips. Ada gently caressed the little white hand that lay quiet on the dainty lace-work, as she talked.

"You see, dear, Keith thought it best that we should do nothing until everything was arranged, but now—he has got the little cottage here, and now—oh, such a darling nest of a house, and Maud, it is all furnished so beautifully, and this afternoon he is to come for us in a carriage and take us out to see it. Maud, you don't begin to know what a splendid fellow Keith is!"

Maud smiled a pitiful, patient little ghost of a smile.

"I know he is, Ada, a dear, good fellow."

"And there couldn't be a better for a brother-in-law, Maud!"

Ah! It was a delicate, roundabout way to tell it, but, all the same, there went a pain like a dagger through Maud's heart. A brother-in-law! Well—yes, that was what he was, and to her—she, who had once thrown him contemptuously aside for a man who had—sickened her as she thought of it all, and compared the two, and realized her loss, she—lame, sick, voiceless! Nevertheless it was a gentle, patient face that smiled at Keith Lennox, as he stood on the little rose-bordered piazza waiting for them; very pure, lovely eyes that time or sickness never would dim, but that trouble had made more beautiful and soulful than ever, that looked up in his eager, grandly tender face as he lifted her from the carriage.

"Welcome! Come in, and make yourselves at home, because—you have told her, haven't you, Ada, that we are here for good? You told her the marriage is to take place here, this afternoon!"

Another of those agony thrills shot through her, then she smiled bravely at Keith and Ada.

"How delicious! Only, Ada, not dressed enough like a bride."

She said it, scarcely knowing what she said. Then, Ada's arms were around her neck, and Keith was holding her two hands, and he was looking down in her astonished eyes.

"But Ada is not the bride, Maud! It is you, my darling, you for whom I have been waiting so long, whom I want above all things, for whom I have made this little home—you, Maud, and the clergyman is waiting in the parlor to make you my wife! Maud—Ada, tell her to say yes!"

No need for Ada's intercession, for the look of ineffable happiness in those deep, sweet eyes, that gleamed on, and radiated from every feature of that rare sweet face answered Keith as man never before was answered.

"A Wild Girl: LOVE'S GLAMOUR."

OR, A Romance of Brooklyn Heights.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "PRETTY AND PROUD," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

CHAPTER XX. MISUNDERSTOOD.

Oh, to be with with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

—BYRON.

AFTER the death of the duchess the Count Ciarini went to his mourning, and mourned for her as long, perhaps, as it is natural for a man to grieve for a dead woman. It was six months before he permitted himself to smile; three more, before he allowed himself to reflect that there was still pleasure in living; a year when he began to pick up the dropped golden threads of a brilliant life and to appear in Venetian society again as the gay, young and lavish noble. About this time he had been in Milan, on some errand of business or pleasure, and had, for want of something better to do, gone to the Opera House to pass judgment, one evening, on a young debutante said to give brilliant promise. Judge of his surprise, his emotion, when he discovered that the new singer was that lovely American who had, at one time, almost reconciled him to his Laura being the wife of another! Judge, too, of his indignation, when the faithful secretary came out in the character of chief tenor. So, these two were living together! Incredible!

He kept his eyes fixed on Kitty until their magnetism drew hers to recognize him. Then he saw her turn deadly pale, then a blood surge slowly in a red wave over brow and breast to leave her whiter than before; at least, she, who had pretended to love him so well as to be willing to elope with him, had not forgotten him! Was that a blush of shame or love, or both?

The count, himself, could not see her without deep agitation. She had charmed him, once, completely; and now, she was here, lovelier than ever. Her blush seemed to call him to her. At the end of the first act he made his way behind the scenes. Kitty stood there, pale, frozen, a marble image. He held out his hand to her—she did not take it.

"Please do not speak to me, Count Ciarini," she said to him, holding out her white arms as if to keep him away. "Yet stay! I have one request to make of you. It is—that you do not seek to punish Alberto for the crimes he did against you. He is—my husband—now."

The words dropped like icicles from her pallid lips. The count bowed low as he answered: "For your sake, madam, for the sake of the pleasant past—I consent not to lay a straw in Alberto's way. May your life with him be happy and prosperous; I shall not disturb it."

His beautiful lips curled with scorn of a woman who could debase herself to live with that scoundrel. Kitty said the contempt, but her lips were sealed—she could only look after him with a dilating gaze of love, horror, shame, longing, desperation: Alberto was at her elbow, his fierce eyes watched her with malignant cunning, and she had to allow the count to bow again, and pass on, haughtily, biting his lips with annoyance, out of the theater. Ah! the count did not hear that low cry of despair that broke from her struggling heart when he was gone; he did not see her fall like an overtoppled statue prone upon the floor.

Teresa had much to do to get her young mistress back to her senses, and dressed for her next entrance on the stage. Happily there was quite a scene before the *prima donna* would be called. Yet, even then, Kitty would never have moved herself to the effort had she not hoped to see the count again in his box when she went out on the stage. She did not see him, however; he had left the opera house in a passion of scorn, anger, wounded feelings. Despair did for her, then, what it has done for many another woman—kept her up to the pitch of the part she had attempted; so that the impressive yet almost child-like with such fiery vehemence, with passion and energy only to be expected of experience.

Next morning, the dark-browed servant, who had stood near her young mistress during that brief interview the night before, came to the count's hotel with a letter; but the count had just gone off in the omnibus for the train—it would be too late if she attempted to meet him. So, the explanation of the strange situation in which he found her, that Kitty had made and delivered, by Teresa, instead of being delivered, and Kitty did not have the count's address in Venice.

After that Kitty brooded, deeply and often; over the temptation to suicide. The fear of Carlo's contempt had ever been the keenest of all her sorrows, and she was in a position to which her helplessness on board the yacht had condemned her.

"All is over between him and me," she said to herself, in bitter grief. "His pride would prevent his having anything to do with me. Though he knew that I was his wife, he would not have touched me. He despised me for having been called his wife. Yet I was no coward. I did the best I could. When I think of how utterly helpless I was, in the power of my tormentor, alone on the ocean with him, I feel that I was a brave woman. I was able to make terms with him! He feared that I would kill myself—he saw that I had the resolution to do it—and he would lose the rich plunder his avarice courted, so he entered into bonds with me. Ay, I hold him to his terms! But Carlo cannot let me go to banish him. He despises me. Alberto dares to sneer at my 'hopeless love'—to taunt me with my love for the count! I shall lose my reason, some day. How horribly have I been punished for that waywardness which I thought so brave!"

CHAPTER XXI. THE SUN SHINES THROUGH A CLOUD.

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My dove with the tender eye,
When she sang to me a passionate cry—
There is some one dying or dead—TENNYSON.

When Philip Armory sent up his card from one of the parlors of the Everett House, the morning following his visit to the opera, to Madame Franca, only the dark-faced servant came down to answer it.

"Madame cannot see you this morning Mr. Armory. She is in affliction. There has been—sudden illness—and death. Monsieur Franca is dead. He died—of pneumonia, about—about an hour ago. Madame begs you will call again this evening, and—requests that you do not speak of her to any one."

The woman was evidently excited, yet making a great effort to restrain herself. She spoke with curious hesitation; a deep light glittered in her eyes, it would almost seem as if for very joy.

As for Philip, he could not, at first, speak at all. He was utterly confounded by this news. That fierce, dark man who had sung with her last night, dead! Kitty, a widow! Free! His heart gave a wild leap of exultation—then sunk coldly down, half-appalled at its own selfishness. Kitty in trouble! That was the way to think of it—Kitty mourning her dead!

It was fully two minutes before he answered the messenger: "Can I, then, be of no help?"

She prolonged it, it was but retribution that she should laugh that he was dead.

After Philip went away, Kitty said to her servant: "Undress me quickly, Teresa; I am tired and sleepy. Ah, Heaven! how sweet it is to dare to sleep soundly once more! Teresa, are you glad for me or sorry for him?"

"I am glad for madame," answered Teresa, quietly; and so she was.

At first her interest had been for her employer; but Kitty had long since won the hard woman's heart, and she had been so faithful and faithful servant to her. It would have been dangerous for Alberto to have attempted to break over his promise, with that dragon guarding her sweet young mistress.

"Dear soul, how like an infant she sleeps!" murmured Teresa, as, in a few minutes after she had tucked her in bed, Kitty went off into childish dreams, with smiling, parted lips and rosy cheeks kissed by curling tendrils of silky hair.

There were hired watchers for the dead; so the woman died herself to her mistress, matching a little rest from time to time, as she sat in an arm-chair all night by Kitty's bed.

Philip was both happy and miserable as he made his way back to Brooklyn to tell the banker his daughter's strange story.

He was happy to think Kitty was safe and free; he was wretched to think he had "no part or lot" in her fortunes—that she loved all her friends but him.

"I must leave Mr. Kanell's, of course, My mother and I must find a little house, somewhere, where we can do nothing that I should intrude upon her, after the declaration of my feelings which I made in Newport."

That night he and Mr. Kanell had a long and stormy interview; the result of the story which Philip had to tell.

Kitty arose early, and had Teresa dress her carefully; then she sat down by the window to watch.

"I am going to take breakfast at home, Teresa," she kept repeating to her maid every few moments.

"I will bring madame a cup of coffee here, before she goes out in the cold," and Teresa did so.

While Kitty was drinking it there was a knock at the door; she set down her cup and ran to open it herself, ready to throw herself into her father's arms; but it was not Mr. Kanell who stood there—only Philip Armory.

"Where is my father?"

"He did not come."

Looking in Philip's embarrassed countenance, she gathered the truth.

"He has cast me off! I am not to go to him!"

"He is up in arms about your going on the stage. The Kanell pride has received a blow."

"What else could I have done, Mr. Armory? If it had not been for my singing I should have lost my senses. What could I have done other than I did do, situated as I was? Papa is hard

under the circumstances, could have no validity in the eyes of God or man. That night of the *file* in Newport was seized by him and his creatures, forced into a boat, placed on board his yacht, and carried off to sea. I was a helpless girl alone with that villain. All on board were hired to second his interests. He claimed me as his wife—said that he had the legal right to seize me and compel me to accompany him. I will tell you how, in my despair, I yet refused to yield to the odds against me—how I forced a compromise from him. Sit down."

Both had stood, in the profound agitation of the meeting; she motioned him to sit at the other end of the sofa on which she now sunk down, and, with flushing cheeks and sparkling eyes, and sweet, clear voice thrilling with the vibrant ring of truth, she gave the singular story of her partnership with Alberto.

"I thought him," she said, triumphantly. "It was my money he wanted—not me! Avarice was his strongest passion, and I led him by it. Teresa will swear to you that I never was alone one moment with that scoundrel. Yet there was nothing for me to do, but to pass as his wife. I was in his power, and I had to make the best bargain I could. Mr. Armory, do you think papa will blame me? Do you think I could have done otherwise than as I did, and preserve my good name? Will you go to my father and tell him that his little Kitty has come back to him as pure as when she went away—as much his own little Kitty as ever. That she wants to come back to him and try how good she can be a better girl than the willful, troublesome Kitty of the old days."

She was looking at him coaxingly, with the little mouth pursed up and the blue eyes full of sweet tears.

With the death of her tormentor it seemed to Kitty that her heart, soul and body sprung up elastic, as from under a crushing spell; the long year and a half of terror—during which she would have gone mad had not music afforded her an employment by means of which she might forget herself at times—was almost as if it had never been. Philip watched her, entranced, fascinated, admiring, more than words can tell, the wonderful courage and spirit which had brought her out of that dark period of her life.

"You are a brave girl," he said, warmly; "a real heroine."

"Am I not? Yes, I would rather fight Indians than be again on that vessel, a prisoner as I was. Yes, I am a chip of the old block, Mr. Armory. You know my great-grandmother fought in the Revolution, in boy's clothes. That would be lots more fun than the kind of mental warfare I had to carry on."

Truly this was Kitty Kanell, sitting on the sofa, talking to him! Philip felt the old spell of her playful witchery creeping over him. There were "none like her—none!"

"Thank God, you are safe," fervently.

"I do thank God," answered Kitty, with sudden, sweet solemnity. "Do not think me heartless, Mr. Armory, because I can be almost gay in the presence of sudden death. If you could only imagine half what I have suffered!" with a shudder.

"Why! only last evening, when I saw you in the parquette looking at me with those reproachful eyes, I was the most miserable girl on the face of the earth. If Alberto had lived, I should have kept the secret of my life with him, for he had my promise. My only hope, yesterday, was that he would squander my fortune quickly, and then, when he had gotten the last dollar, let me go. Now, to-day, I am free! I am Kitty Kanell again! My heart sings in my breast. I cannot help it. I shall be with my father—I shall see Lilia and Florian—I shall go with him! You will tell papa all about it to-night; to-morrow he will come for me!"

Philip said "yes," but he said it with a sigh. He had no part in this joy of Kitty's; he had only a convenience to her; she had sent for him because he was the first acquaintance who presented himself on her return.

"Go now, Mr. Armory," cried Kitty, with all her old impulsiveness. "Fly! tell papa all. He will be so glad to hear of it. Tell him for me early. I want to breakfast with him! I shall be up and waiting. I shall be awfully grateful to you. Where do you live now? How is your dear, kind mother?"

She was her father's housekeeper. You will see her in the morning."

She did not notice the bitterness in the poor clerk's tone.

"I am so glad! How nice it is for my father to have such a lady in place of Miss Parsely. Kiss your dear mother for me, Mr. Armory. And now, please, go. I shall improve the scene, while you are telling papa. It will take you an hour to reach him—it is half-past eight now—at half-past nine you will stand in his august presence and say: 'Kitty wants to come home! Kitty is waiting for her papa to come for her!'"

She burst into a silvery laugh of pure joy. The echo of that laugh crept into the adjoining room where Alberto lay still under a white pall—he could not rouse himself and put down that laugh with a cruel look out of his wicked eyes.

Fool girl! He had made her suffer agonies prolonged. It was but retribution that she should laugh that he was dead.

After Philip went away, Kitty said to her servant: "Undress me quickly, Teresa; I am tired and sleepy. Ah, Heaven! how sweet it is to dare to sleep soundly once more! Teresa, are you glad for me or sorry for him?"

"I am glad for madame," answered Teresa, quietly; and so she was.

and unreasonable. He is perfectly heartless! He loves his dignity better than he loves his daughter. And he shall never be troubled by me again. Tell him so, Mr. Armory. Tell him that his child will make her own way in the world. Why, Teresa, here, loves me more than he does! Very well, if I make his hard heart ache with real sorrow, some day, he will have only himself to blame."

"I do not think Mr. Kanell gives full credit to your story. At all events, he is vexed and irritated beyond the point where he can be reasonable. I am very sorry. I am afraid he thinks me an impertinent meddler, for I spoke very plainly to him last night. I assure you, it was not easy for me to come here with his message."

"What was his message?"

"That you are a stranger to him."

"He never did love me," said Kitty, with quivering lips. "He never really loved any one but himself—not even my poor mamma. Then the Kanell blood leaped into her cheek and its pride into her eyes."

"He shall never be troubled with word from me again. I am eighteen—my own mistress. I have plenty of money of my own—thank Heaven! I am not indebted to him, even for that!—and 'the world is all before me where to choose.' Tell him he has driven me back upon the stage—that he is worse than the dead villain lying in yonder room. Tell him that I will come to Brooklyn and sing in the Academy there, on purpose to please him. Tell him—stamping her little foot passionately, her resentment growing as she went—"that I will take care to sing there as Kitty Kanell! I never was the wife of that dead man; and he had no name to give me, if I had been his wife. I am Kitty Kanell still; and as Kitty Kanell I will triumph over my unlucky star."

"I wish you would place yourself under my mother's care," ventured Philip, fascinated and yet alarmed by this display of spirit. "You are too young and—and beautiful—to get on without a chaperon. Especially as—"

"As cruel accident has compromised me," you would kindly say. Thank you, Mr. Armory. I like your mother, and may ask her to share my fortunes. Do not be too uneasy about my future. I see apprehension written on your face! With youth and beauty and money I am not afraid of being put down! I am going to have my own way now. There is something better in life than being cooped up—"forgive Kitty this naughty expression—"with a cross father in a gloomy old house. Tell him so, with my compliments, please. And now, Teresa, I will have breakfast here as soon as possible. Mr. Armory, will you breakfast with me? No! Then I regret your decision! Good-by."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 451.)

A SONG OF HEAVEN.

BY WM. W. LONG.

I would sing you a song of the glorious heaven,
If my pen could chant its lay—
Of its rippling stars where the sunlight gleams,
In the light of an endless day—
Of its scenery sublime, where the hand of Time
Can never write decay—
Of the fragrant breeze thro' the whispering trees,
That never will pass away—
Of strange bright birds on airy wings,
With music in their flow—
Of the glories there, and holy prayer,
That only the good will know!

I would sing of the blest, in the land of rest—
The home that God hath given,
Where no dark woes pale mortals know,
In the glorious land of heaven—
I would sing you a song of the sky's dark blue,
Tinted with crimson and gold!
But my soul is weak, and my pen lacks power
To picture that land untold.

I would tell of the love in the land above,
In a pure and glorious strain—
Of the peaceful bliss that the joys of this,
Would wreathe in fearful pain.

But my heart is cold with a sin-clad mold,
That hath warped it fearful and long;
And my soul is sick to the guilty quick,
And I cannot sing that will be so strong.
I have dreamed of heaven when the stars of even,
On the summer flowers fell,
And the silver light of the Queen of Night,
Kissed the stream in the shady dell,
But the deep unrest in my breast,
Woke me to earth and pain.

Why did I stray from the shining way,
To the pleasures of earth again?
Sweet sunset land, I have dreamed of thee
When the sun in the west was dying,
And zephyrs played in the greenwood shade,
Where the aspen leaves were sighing.
Oh! may I rest on the Savior's breast,
When this mortal life is o'er,
With the faces there divinely fair,
That wait on the heavenly choir;
And back in the light of the spirits bright,
Who have crossed the stormy sea,
In that heavenly home where the sinless roam,
God hath a place for me!

The Man of Steel;

OR,
The Masked Knight of the White Plume.

A TALE OF LOVE AND TERROR.

BY A. P. MORRIS, AUTHOR OF "FRANZ, THE FRENCH DETECTIVE," "BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT," "SILVER SENT," "STAR OF DIAMONDS," "FIRE-FIENDS OF CHICAGO," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

STORY OF THE APOTHECARY—(CONCLUDED.)

WHILE Huo St. Liege struggled with the hooded shire who disputed his progress, Corinne had thrown open the door, admitting the emissaries of the dread tribunal.

They filed in, in long gowns, cone-shaped cape, and fierce eyes gleaming from the eyelets of their masks. At a glance, they comprehended the meaning of that desperate conduct by the wintry, stark white Huo was on the point of throttling his antagonist, he was seized from behind and dragged backward by powerful arms.

"Ah!" cried one. "It is Huo St. Liege! The very man we want!"

"Am I who you want of me?" fearlessly demanded the prisoner.

The leader of the shires addressed Corinne: "Come, Corinne, the Inquisition wants you also."

"Me!" she screamed. "Wants me! No—no! I have done nothing!" and fell on her knees, clasping her hands outstretched in an attitude of terror.

"Sorceress!" exclaimed Huo. "You are overtaken in your iniquity!"

"What has she been doing, to your knowledge?" interrogated the deep-voiced figure.

"

from the windows. The building had caught fire from the iron brand which the woman had cast recklessly aside upon the announcement of her arrest.

Agreeably to hints which Beppo, captain of the shires, had received from the Grand Inquisitor, that grim personage called next morning at the mansion of Manuel de Herrera.

On the outside he was met by one of his zealous spies who had been near the mansion since shortly after midnight.

Enriquez had discovered this spy, and, as has been shown, suspected the complicity of the Inquisitor, as was providentially enabled to warn Marie and prevent her stepping into a net which, he rightly guessed, was intended for both father and daughter.

Cuerpo of Toledo, mentioned as sitting at the right hand of the Grand Inquisitor, in the pavilion, had been a suitor for Manuel de Herrera's lovely child. Being notorious for a dissipated character and brutal temper, it was no wonder that Marie shrunk from his acquaintance with repugnance. Far from relinquishing his designs upon the pure girl—and stimulated by an intense hate for his successful rival, Huo St. Liege—Cuerpo had induced the Grand Inquisitor to join in a league to destroy the old counselor and make away with his coveted child.

As the spy approached, Beppo accosted him.

"Well, what have you new?"

"There has been a murder done."

"Ha! A murder, say you?"

"Step this way." And the spy led him to the rear, showing the dead man on the sword and the rope-ladder dangling from the balcony.

"Oh! How long do you suppose this has been lying here?" indicating the body.

"I found it when I first came."

"Give it burial, if you have any inquiries about it." With this order, Beppo proceeded to climb the ladder.

Reaching the room above, he discovered Manuel de Herrera lying, prone upon his face, and grasping rigidly in one hand a piece of parchment.

Beppo took the parchment from the clenched fist and read it. It was the warning that Enriquez had cast in the night gone. Then he placed his fingers on the wrist of the prostrate man.

"Dead!" he murmured. "His daughter has been slain; the shock was too great."

The spy was busy below with the corpse when Beppo rejoined him.

"Find your last," he said, striding hurriedly away. "I have important news to communicate to his eminence."

Manuel de Herrera had escaped the summons of the Inquisition. His wealth of money and property, however, did not escape.

After a rigorous but fruitless search for Marie—in which none were more ardent than Cuerpo of Toledo—the Inquisition appropriated everything belonging to the old man. The Governor of Seville issued a proclamation offering Marie de Herrera ten days in which to present herself and receive that portion of her father's estate not considered subject as tribute to the rulers of Seville.

Under private instructions meant to lure Marie into the power of her enemies. But the object of the proclamation was frustrated.

Safe in the home of Enriquez, whose mother and sister lovingly consoled with her, Marie was kept informed of all that transpired outside. She heard the story of the confiscation calmly, seeming to forget it in the balance with other woes.

On two occasions her enemy had passed the house; once, happening to glance up at the windows, Marie, who was standing there pale and frozen at sight of him, was only saved from recognition by the quick wit of Enriquez's mother, who threw her arms around the neck of her father and bent to kiss her, thus screening her face.

Enriquez was absent continuously during the days of Marie's hiding. When he returned the after each nightfall his brow was gloomy and thoughtful.

Marie observed the shadow that had settled upon him—noticed that he grew more morose each day. At last, being an unintentional listener to some words addressed by her protector to his mother, the truth flashed upon her, and she burst in upon them, crying, distressedly:

"Oh, Enriquez! I know the secret, now, of your strange moods. Tell me: where is Huo?"

"That you are so anxious about him."

"I had to be told. Concealment was no longer possible. A few syllables conveyed the sad intelligence of Huo's imprisonment; and thus blow after blow fell upon her, as if, indeed, Heaven itself had at last deserted her.

Upon a certain evening—the fourth day following that proclamation which was intended to entrap her—a new spirit seemed to possess the maiden. Her white cheeks changed to a fevered flush, and a sparkle as of old came back to the lustrous eyes. Her pulse was firm, her step elastic, and a hard compression of the lips indicated that some great purpose was born within her.

"My only friend," she said, to Enriquez, "God has given me an inspiration. I feel that I can remain no longer idle here. I have a precious life to save. Huo St. Liege must be snatched from the Inquisition."

"But—how?" He regarded her in surprise.

"Oh, I have a plan. I will pay with a clear conscience. I am come to ask a favor."

"Name it."

"Three weeks ago we received a sum of money to *extinguish* a certain man. The money was put in good hands and we promised to perform our task. But it has pleased the Inquisition to seize upon the one whose life, of right, belongs to us. We are, therefore, traitors to our promise."

"Who is this man?"

"Huo St. Liege."

"Ha!" As the Grand Inquisitor uttered the exclamation he took half a dozen quick strides across the alcove.

Mandamiento watched him with mournful eyes.

"Look you: if I turn this man over to you, what becomes of him?"

"He will be *extinguished* forthwith."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Can you doubt me?" reproachfully.

"Be it so. You shall have Huo St. Liege."

"Ah, but you remove a load from my breast. To-night, when the lamps are out, there will be a coach near the cathedral on square L'Esplanade. If he can be got into it he will not see the sun rise on Seville."

"Rely upon it, he will be there. But, stay: who was it that paid you to remove this young man?"

"Cuerpo of Toledo."

"That will do. You have my promise. Now, go."

Mandamiento strutted away with comical dignity. As he departed a spy entered with the announcement:

"My lord, the courier was seen to leave the palace, riding furiously, and was completely lost sight of."

"Beppo!" it was that personage—"the courier was no other than Manuel de Herrera. Could you not penetrate the disguise?"

"Nay—I never dreamed it."

"Where is Cuerpo of Toledo?"

"In his cups; or, as the vulgar say, 'quite drunk.'"

"Send out your best spies. Marie de Herrera is in Seville. If you fail to find her, I shall deem you and your officers a pack of asses. Go."

The Grand Inquisitor seated himself to address the following to Charles V.

"PALACE OF THE INQUISITION, SEVILLE, May—1584."

"It is regretted that your messenger did not arrive sooner. Huo St. Liege has honorably acquiesced; but we understand that he fell into the hands of the Garduna—of whose atrocities you may have heard—and has disappeared entirely. It would have been our pleasure to give the unfortunate young man safe conduct from Seville."

"To Charles, King of Spain."

ABRUEVA.

Seville; and had it not been the duty of her mission compelled a return, her disappearance might have forever remained a mystery.

The trial (7) came. A day as sullen in aspect as the tribunal before which the cavalier was to be tried.

St. Liege, guarded on either side by armed shires, was conducted into the hall. The Grand Inquisitor was seated in his presidential chair, with a face as stern as he might without betraying his natural malignance.

Several were there, being tried by turns—and condemned.

Huo was led forward to the semicircular table, where he was left standing before a volume of the Gospel and a pile of crucifixes.

There was an audience of monks and noblemen. The young man was well known, and many there were pained at surmising what was in store for him, though none were brave enough to evince sympathy for the declared culprit.

"Huo St. Liege, swear to speak the truth."

"I swear."

"You are accused," continued the inquisitor, "of having failed to denounce Manuel de Herrera, and of encouraging Marie, his child, in sacrilegious doctrines."

"My lord, as to the first, I do not understand you. As to the last, I pronounce it a lie!"

The Grand Inquisitor started as if stung. A murmur passed among the audience. Never had culprit dared to utter such a bold retort.

"He denies it"—nodding to the secretaries.

"Finish this mockery briefly!" exclaimed Huo. "I know that my death is decided upon; waste time in such blasphemous numery!"

Here a shire announced:

"Your eminence, a courier from the king, on business relating to Huo St. Liege."

"Admit him," complacently.

This courier, whose sudden arrival gave new interest to Huo's case, was ushered in. A slight, even girlish figure. He wore a gay jacket and leggings, and short, crisp curls clustered over the pure brow. Skin like the brown olive, eyes of hazel, lips uncommon rich for a boy, and shape of faultless symmetry. Kneeling and doffing his velvet cap till the gaudy plume swept the floor, he waited to be addressed.

Rise, said his eminence, regarding the youth with a look of strange perplexity. "We are always honored by receipt of any communication from King Charles. What is the nature of the mission?"

The courier made a sign, indicating that he was a mute, and presented a letter from Charles V., bearing the royal seal.

"As I live!" thought the Inquisitor, "I have penetrated the disguise of this masquerading courier. Not all the dyes and furbelows in Spain can hide from my eyes the loveliness of Marie de Herrera! She has been to the king in behalf of her lover. We shall soon know."

Breaking the royal seal, he began reading the missive of vellum. The eyes of the Grand Inquisitor had been sharper than those of the lover. This was the substance of the royal communication:

"PALACE OF MADRID, May—1584."

"To His Eminence the Grand Inquisitor of Seville."

"Huo St. Liege, descendant of a worthy counselor of Castile, and whose line under Philip II. were most loyal subjects to the crown and church, is now a prisoner of your office."

"As it is believed that the young man is of special account, and as an enemy, it is our earnest desire that he be acquitted by the tribunal of which your eminence is chief."

CHARLES.

This was a brave epistle. It required great courage to interfere with the Inquisition. King Charles entertained a proportionate fear of the powerful institution which, he well knew, at that time held the whole domain under its iron heel. But history tells that he was a man of genius and intrepidity, and once his sympathies aroused, he would dare dangerous things in a worthy cause, placing both person and throne in peril.

The Grand Inquisitor read the letter with evident displeasure. When he looked up the courier had vanished. Hastily summoning a shire to his side, he whispered:

"Watch every egress. Set guards everywhere. That messenger must not escape from the palace. When he is caught, advise me."

"My lord, the courier of the king—"

"Be well. Do as I bid you, and I will reward you."

Huo St. Liege was led back to his dungeon.

"My lord," said a familiar, as his eminence descended from the presidential chair, "the Master of the Garduna seeks a private audience."

"I will see him. I cannot afford to slight the crazy fellow, or his Order may combine against me, and those *guapos* are assassins of rare frenzy. Show him in."

The Inquisitor stepped behind the folds of a curtain into a convenient alcove. Presently Mandamiento was ushered in.

He stood with folded arms, without removing his cone-shaped sombrero, in an attitude of conscious self-importance. His grotesque accouterments finished off with a long knife protruding from the belt; his mien so combedly fancy and ugly, placed the beholder in a quandary, whether to laugh or feel serious.

"Well, Mandamiento, what is your business?"

"For once," replied the Master, in a tone of ludicrous sorrow, "the brothers of the Garduna are unhappy."

"And what have I to do with it?"

"We have done many deeds for your eminence—receiving a pay with a clear conscience. I am come to ask a favor."

"Name it."

"Three weeks ago we received a sum of money to *extinguish* a certain man. The money was put in good hands and we promised to perform our task. But it has pleased the Inquisition to seize upon the one whose life, of right, belongs to us. We are, therefore, traitors to our promise."

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"Beppo!" it was that personage—"the courier was no other than Manuel de Herrera. Could you not penetrate the disguise?"

"Nay—I never dreamed it."

"Where is Cuerpo of Toledo?"

"In his cups; or, as the vulgar say, 'quite drunk.'"

"Send out your best spies. Marie de Herrera is in Seville. If you fail to find her, I shall deem you and your officers a pack of asses. Go."

The Grand Inquisitor seated himself to address the following to Charles V.

"PALACE OF THE INQUISITION, SEVILLE, May—1584."

"It is regretted that your messenger did not arrive sooner. Huo St. Liege has honorably acquiesced; but we understand that he fell into the hands of the Garduna—of whose atrocities you may have heard—and has disappeared entirely. It would have been our pleasure to give the unfortunate young man safe conduct from Seville."

"To Charles, King of Spain."

ABRUEVA.

Having sealed and dispatched this by special courier, he sunk back in his chair, laughing. "There! Let us measure weapons, King Charles! Ha! ha! ha!"

Late that same evening the Grand Inquisitor walked in the palace gardens, soothing away his irritations of the day beneath the bathing moonlight and balmy odor of flowers. A favorite Dominican usually accompanied him in these nightly walks, but on this occasion he was alone.

Not long alone. The form of a man came rushing upon him, flourishing a piece of vellum. The voice of Cuerpo cried:

"My lord, have you turned blind fool at last?"

"Cuerpo of Toledo, explain yourself!" demanded the Inquisitor, sharply.

"You have given Huo St. Liege his liberty!"

"I'm in blank amazement."

"I never employed the Garduna in my life. This is some trick. You inform me that Marie de Herrera is in Seville. Well, perhaps he and she are in each other's arms. A trick, I say. You have been hoodwinked by the crafty Master of the Garduna."

"Treachery!" hissed the Grand Inquisitor, clenching his fists in a rage.

The next moment he had summoned a score of officers, to whom he gave hurried instructions, sending them to square L'Esplanade.

But—too late!

A black-looking coach was standing near the cathedral, with the driver on top, ready to start upon an instant's warning. A little apart were two savagely looking *guapos*, with sable cloaks wound tight around their shoulders and asked:

"Is this the body we are looking for?"

"Yes. Make short work of it."

The two laid hold upon the helpless prisoner and bore him to the waiting coach. Into this they thrust him, giving him, at the same time, several merciless cuffs, and banged the door shut. At a signal, the driver whipped his horses into a mad gallop.

He is dead by this time," said one of the *guapos*, intending his words for the ears of the shires who watched the fast-receding vehicle.

Imagine the surprise of the prisoner when, finding himself shut up in the coach and fully expecting death, a knife severed his bonds and he found the gag from his mouth. A pair of arms wound round his neck and a sweet voice murmured:

"At last! At last! Huo!—my beloved!"

His senses reeled. Then he stretched forth his free arms and drew the precious form to his breast.

"Marie! I dream!" he exclaimed, brokenly.

"To what miracle of Heaven do I owe this deliverance?"

"And by the woman you love, assisted by the Garduna!" spoke a voice from the rear.

"And did you not aid, also?" reminded a fourth—Yva.

The letter from Charles V. was but part of the plan formed by the courageous maiden. Satisfied that the Grand Inquisitor was resolved upon the destruction of Huo St. Liege, and would readily avail himself of an opportunity to thwart the good purpose of the monarch, Mandamiento had been easily bribed to utter the falsehood which persuaded his eminence to give over Huo to the supposed vengeance of the Garduna.

Huo and Marie, accompanied by Enriquez and Yva, fled to Germany. Both pair, all weary and worn, were happily wedded.

Corinne Bonville, the Frenchwoman, perished in the dungeons of the Inquisition while undergoing extreme and most horrid tortures.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VOICE OF SERGEANT KILLER.

WE now return to the characters of our story proper, making their way by that underground passage from Castle de Cognac, under the Seine, toward the chapel a short distance from St. Genevieve.

By the time Paschal Broeck had concluded his narrative—given in language far different from what the reader has perused—they were moving amid the deep recesses and ghostly cells of the Garduna.

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By the time Paschal Broeck had concluded his narrative—given in language far

whole family had been murdered. Those whom I questioned could tell me nothing of my son Kirke, nor could I find the family with whom he had been visiting.

"Then I gave my life over to one object; that of revenge. It would be too long were I to tell you how I managed to strike the right trail. Enough that I did, at last, and that I marked out every man of the midnight assassins for death. I was greatly aided by my one friend—Double Dan."

"That's me! my twin brother!" came the queer double voice of the scout, as he entered the glade, followed by three other persons.

"You here! where did you leave your prisoner?"

"Safe an' sound—tied up like a pig in a pack!" grinned Double Dan. "I done fetched some folks to see ye. Miss Missouri Belle, Mister Mark Bird an' Kirke Howard, esquire—make ye known to Double Sight the Death Shot, or Judge."

"Stop, friend," interposed the Death Shot. "Let me finish my explanation, first. I will be as brief as possible. I made use of many disguises in my work, and being a fair ventriloquist, a dabbler in chemistry, as well, I managed to get up a very respectable mystery. I procured me a very fine air-pistol of long range but small bore, and it aided me not a little. The wounds made by its balls were so small that only a close investigation could discern what had dealt the fatal blow. I only used this when I wished to entirely escape observation."

"Not until last year did I suspect that I had a daughter living. Some words that Colonel Overton dropped gave me the clue. Until quite recently I believed that the young lady known as Missouri Belle was my child; and Equality Ebb believed that his daughter was the one who was deceived by his fellow criminal, Overton, who was who stole your child and burned your house, Mr. Marvin. He brought your child to Kansas and there gave her to Mr. and Mrs. Lamb."

"And now it's my turn," interposed Miss Nancy. "You shut up, Hector Lamb! I'm going to tell everything I know. These folks know how to make 'lowances for people what was starvin' to death."

And Nancy did tell. How Overton bribed them to keep his daughter and raise it as her own. How they wandered to Texas. There came a hard time. They were literally starving. Too proud to beg, one dark night they sallied out to their nearest neighbors, and using an axe, Hector Lamb killed two fatening hogs. They were caught at this work by Overton and another man, and they fled, leaving their axe behind them.

That same night the Howard ranch was burned. And just before dawn Overton came to them, bearing a little girl, which he wished them to exchange for the one I most keenly desired. The only answer he could give was to demur, but he threatened them with exposure as hog-thieves. They begged for time, for they had learned to love the child dearly. That same morning the report spread that the neighbor whom they had attempted to rob, was found dead in his bed slain by the stroke of an axe. And Overton threatened to swear the crime upon them unless they agreed to perform his will in every particular. Though this murder was almost lost sight of in the wild excitement which followed the death of the neighbor, the Lamb knew that it would require but a word to set the mob upon them.

"We couldn't do nothing," he said the ax we used to kill the hogs with. He said he'd swear he see us comin' out o' the man's house, in the night. So we can't only give way to his will. He told us that in a few days a man would call for the child, an' told us how we might know he was the right one. Otel he did come, we might keep the young 'un mighty close, so nobody'd ever see it. He made us change their clothes, an' said only give way to his will. 'Tother, an' the man who axed for it. We did just as he said. A week afterwards, the man come. He give us the sign that showed he was the right person. An' when he went away, he took the child with him."

The Death Shot quietly led the two maidens forward, and spoke to Nancy Lamb.

"Are these the two children you have spoken of?"

"I kin swear to this one," said the woman, drawing Minnie to her side. "She is the one Overton brought last; the one I most keenly desired. The daughter of Isaac Howard. As bet'er 't'her, ef she is the baby I tended for better'n two years, she's got a bad scar on her right arm, above the elbow."

With a wondering eye, Missouri Belle pushed up her sleeve. Even in the gathering gloom the significant scar could be distinguished.

There was a sobbing cry—and Mrs. Marvin fell upon the neck of her long-lost daughter, while the trembling arms of the husband and father clung to each other.

Respecting their emotions, the remainder of the party withdrew to a little distance, when the Death Shot resumed his interrupted story. There is no particular necessity for us to follow his explanations step by step. A word or two concerning those points which have been more particularly brought before the reader must suffice.

From the hour in which his suspicions were aroused that his daughter lived, Isaac Howard never lost sight of his prey. Day and night he dogged them, unable to rest, lest he should lose the truth. He it was that rescued Equality Ebb, when that scoundrel was precipitated upon the bull's back in the circus ring, because he would not let his enemy should die with his secret untold. He it was that dogged the spy to the outlaws' quarters last the same night, and cut short his report with a shot from his air-pistol through the barred window. He also shot the fero dealer, and James Brown, the convicted traitor. These three men were of those who had murdered his family, years before.

He visited Equality Ebb at Black Swamp, intending to play the role of Colonel Overton, but the Wolf, suddenly aroused from a troubled sleep, gave a yell of alarm, and to save his own life Howard was obliged to strike him down. As he fled for safety, he grasped Missouri Belle, not knowing who she was, and he was rescued by the reader knows, Overton, believing his shot fatal, plunged into the water to rescue the girl. Instead, he was grappled by both Double Dan and Howard. In the struggle that ensued, Overton was stabbed and choked senseless. A single word set Double Dan to work, and while Howard rescued Missouri Belle, his friend was dragging Overton through the swamp to where the trusty black horse was tethered.

How boldly the Death Shot played his assumed part, how completely he averted all suspicion, has been told. From what Double Dan had heard when spying upon the real Overton, added to the notes in the captured memorandum-book, it was easy for the Death Shot to deceive the Chaparral Wolf.

Double Dan, while hiding with his prisoner in the swamp, overheard the stormy scene between Missouri Belle and the cousins, and watching his chance, made himself known to them, and told them a portion of what was in the wind. As a natural result, it was decided that they should proceed to the Buffalo Hump.

With a few brief remarks, our story proper is ended. The maiden whom we have known thus far as Minnie Lamb was recognized as the daughter of Isaac Howard, and the sister of Kirke. That she was half smothered with kisses may readily be imagined. Nor was Mark Bird at all backward in claiming his share, as a cousin. Dashing Ned added his congratulations, but Minnie noted, with a sharp pang, that he was far more deeply interested in her whom we have known as Missouri Belle. The warm glow in his fine eyes, betrayed by the crackling camp-fire, she could not mistake.

The situation was a peculiar one. Minnie loved Dashing Ned; he loved Missouri Belle, as did Kirke Howard, also; Missouri Belle loved Mark Bird, while he had eyes only for his cousin Minnie.

But "time works wonders," and it assuredly did in this case. Before a year had rolled by, the cards in Love's pack were shuffled and dealt

anew. Partners were changed, and at least four of the players were completely satisfied. Within the same month, there were weddings in Texas and in Missouri. Dashing Ned settled in Texas as a farmer and stock-raiser, in the latter State, and "Missouri Belle" presides over his growing household. In Texas the old ranch was rebuilt, and Minnie consented to make Mark Bird happy. As for Kirke, he lives with them, a confirmed old bachelor. He has never forgotten his first love, and he will carry her image with him to the grave.

Double Dan is still alive, and nearly as swift-footed as ever. When he and his "twin brother" go under, there will be more than one mourning household in Texas.

That same night, after the general explanation and "clearing up," Isaac Howard and Double Dan mounted and rode rapidly toward Black Swamp. They reached the place where Colonel Overton had been confined, but it was empty! By some means he had slipped his bonds, and mounting the famous black stallion, had fled for his life. But though for years his fate was a mystery to the whites, the truth came out at last.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HUNTED DOWN.

A BLACK stallion is running low and swift beneath the blazing noonday sun. Its silken coat is stained with sweat, with foam and with blood—blood not all its own. The rider upon its back is a pale, thin, desperate-looking man. He turns his head and glances to the rear. A grating curse parts his lips. The hunted light in his snake-like eyes grows deeper, his face seems thinner and more haggard.

Yet far away, but hanging upon his trail like human bloodhounds, ride a full score of red-dictive warriors, armed with lance and rifle, with paint upon their faces and blood in their eyes. They have marked their prey and the chase will end only in death.

The fugitive turns to his noble horse. He tightens the reins, strokes the dripping neck, speaks encouragingly in the small, pointed ear. The stallion tosses his proud head and answers the call. For a minute his mighty muscles play like exquisitely-tempered steel springs. Space is devoured. Red after red is flung behind him in those deer-like leaps. And the thin lips of the fugitive curl away from his pointed teeth, as he casts an exultant glance back at his pursuers. He begins to taste the sweets of freedom and renewed hope.

Again the black stallion tosses its head. It utters a low, husky whimper. It cannot breathe freely. A cruel cord seems tightening around its throat. It turns its head as though to ask its rider the meaning of this strange spell that cramps its limbs and oppresses its lungs. The only answer is a curse, and the man drives his heels into the steaming flanks. He well knows the reason; and so does the bloodhounds upon the trail. The bending grass-blades are spotted here and there with crimson blotches. They know that the end is near. And with exultant yells they urge their laboring ponies on.

The fugitive is Turn-over, the half-breed; the pursuers are Whirlwind and his Kiowa braves. Since early dawn the chase has lasted. There was one rapid volley as the half-breed sped past their covert. The Kiowas set out in hot pursuit, nothing discouraged by the ease and rapidity with which the black stallion distanced them at first. They mark the scarlet trail, and know that those frothy drops came from near the seat of life. And as the hours pass, they gain, slowly but surely upon their victim.

The nature of the ground is changing. Turn-over rises in his stirrups and casts a swift glance ahead. The level plain becomes broken and more difficult. There is scattered timber ahead of him. He scans the horizon, and up the ascent, then glances back. The Kiowas are spreading out in a semicircle, as though to cut him off should he attempt to deviate from a direct course. Why should they expect him to do for them this advantage? Surely the trail is open in front.

The timber is scattered in groups of two and three trees. Any one of them would afford a good chance for a fight for life, if only he was armed. A revolver—even a knife would be worth a fortune, now!

He plunges through the plateau rides the fugitive. He dare choose no other course. The Indians are too near his heels. Right ahead is a thick clump of timber. Beyond this the ground rises, wild and broken, covered with huge masses of rock. The ascent is steep and over the crest he surely can find a hiding-place so secure that not even such human bloodhounds can ferret him out.

Thinking thus, he urges his falling horse on—riding straight to his doom.

He plunges through the timber, then wrenches it with his horse with a furious curse. Right at his feet lies a frightful abyss, five hundred feet in depth, the perpendicular sides bristling with sharp points and angles. The chasm is full five and twenty feet in width. The rocks rise abruptly on the further side. There is no precipitous foothold for a horse after such a leap. But the exultant yells of his bloodthirsty pursuers are ringing in his ears. Unarmed, certain death awaits him; there is just a chance by attempting the frightful leap.

He urges his horse to the brink, but it refuses the leap. It seems to know that its weakened powers are unequal to the task.

Not yet does Overton despair. He leaps to the ground, flings his coat over the stallion's eyes, then runs him forward and over the brink. Once over and the poor brute falls, until the jagged rocks below grant him a merciful death. Overton dares not wait to see the result. His enemies are too near. He runs lightly along the edge of the chasm until he reaches a long hollow log that lies rotting upon the plain. Into this he crawls his body. The chance is indeed a faint one; but there is none other.

The Kiowas burst through the timber, expecting to seize their prey, for right well they knew what a formidable barrier lay in the course of his flight. And as he lies in the hollow log, Overton hears their cries and exclamations of wondering disappointment. He can see them clustering around the fresh hoof-prints. He can see them peering down into the vast depth, and his heart grows sick as he fears they will discover his deception. He closes his eyes. As Whirlwind glances toward his covert. He fears lest their glittering eyes betray him. But as the chief speaks, fresh hope springs up in his heart.

"Turn-over is laughing at the Kiowas. He has leaped his horse over, and is now far away. But his scalp shall blacken in the smoke of Whirlwind's lodge—I have sworn it!"

"We will find his trail upon the other side, and run him down. His big horse is badly wounded. The coyotes will crack his bones before the sun goes down. Let us go!"

"There is time enough. Our ponies are weary and need food and rest. We will wait here, and eat. I am hungry. See! yonder lies a dry log. It will make a good fire."

The heart of the half-breed grows sick. He knows now that his place of refuge had been discovered. Unarmed, nothing but death awaits him. He will be dragged forth and ruthlessly butchered—perhaps after cruel tortures. He almost envies the fate of his poor horse.

Even in the moment he wondered that he should find it so hard to resign himself to death. He had so often laughed at it—so often dared it face to face, through pure recklessness. But then he was armed. He could return blow for blow. That made all the difference.

He peered forth from his refuge. Whirlwind and three stout braves stood with ready weapons, though in seeming carelessness, before him. The other braves are bringing dried sticks and grass and piling them upon the log. He hears the clinking of knife and steel, and the sound sends a sickening thrill through his heart. Those sounds are to him what fastening down the coffin-lid must be to one lying in a death-like trance, ready for the grave.

He knows when the sparks catch upon the tinder. He can tell when these are blown into a

flame, and he hears the faint crackling as the serpent-tongued flames lick up the dry grass, winding in and out through the only too readily ignited fagots.

And now the dusky fiends raise their wild voices in a triumphant scalp-song, and as the bright flames shoot higher and higher, the doomed victim hears them dancing before his fiery prison in mad glee.

From that moment his nerves become steeled. He knows that death is inevitable, but he will resist to the end. He fights on in desperate revenge. They shall not boast that they killed his courage, as well as his body. Since die he must, he would die in sullen silence.

The flames leap higher. The heat grows more intense. The log is one blazing mass of coals. The suffocating heat fills the hollow. It searces the sullen wretch. His face and scalp are one great blister. His blood seems boiling in his veins. Wild visions of the black past arise before him. He is assailed by a thousand weird phantoms. Devils are grappling with him. He fights—but in vain. They drag him forth from his blazing refuge—

A horrible yell bursts from his lips, and rendered insane by the frightful torture, he works his way out of the fiery circle. As he springs his hands and feet burst into flame. He is a mass of living fire!

The savages range themselves in a semicircle, of which the edge of the chasm forms the chord. As the blazing, maddened half-breed rushes forward, he is met and turned back by his back is wounded, though he scowls at the wretched savages. Time and again is he thus repulsed.

Then—for one brief instant his brain seems to clear. He glances swiftly around him. He rushes to the brink of the abyss. He rises in the air—leaps forward—alights fairly upon the further bank!

But his powers are exhausted in that mighty effort. He totters—sinks down upon his knees. A fragment of rock gives way beneath his weight. He catches upon his breast. Inch by inch he slips down. He fights on desperately, but his life. But the fates are against him.

One wild scream of horror—a swift-falling form from which the flames burst out anew—a faint thud!

Turn-over, the half-breed, was dead!

THE END.

Johnnie Armstrong; OR, The King of the Moss-Troopers.

A Romance of the Scottish Border.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG was taken at last, the bold moss-trooper of all the bold riders, Ebb, on the border-land, had laughed to scorn both the lion and the thistle banner—was safe and sound in the strong box in Edinburgh, there to be tried for his life for high treason.

This Johnnie Armstrong was a bold spearman who had set himself up as a king on the border, and as he was backed by a troop of doughty riders, who feared neither man nor devil, it was a long time before he was brought to grief; but the pitcher that goes often to the well, etc.—the adage is old and true; and so it happened that, after five years of successful defiance both to Scotland and to England, for it often happened that bold Johnnie, when he was scarce in Scotland did not scruple to cross the English line and drive a foray even into the Northumberland, and that on one of these occasions, hotly pursued by the English spearmen over the border line, Johnnie had run full tilt into a large Scottish force sent expressly to capture him.

To fight was out of the question, and so, with sword and spear, Johnnie the fat Ebb, English beaver that were so much needed to replenish the larder at home and cried out to his men:

"Each for himself and the fiend take the hindmost!"

The moss-troopers scattered and prepared to lead the king's soldiers a merry chase, as they had often done before, for, being perfectly familiar with the ground, they were able to easily baffle pursuit.

A good horse and a sharp pair of spurs will often set a man's neck in this world," Johnnie exclaimed, as he rode gayly away; but, fate was against him this time; his horse put his foot in a hole, down went the beast on his knees, and though the rider was as good as one as ever bestride a steed, still he was all in mortal man to keep the saddle under such circumstances.

The moss-trooper turned a complete summer-set and landed upon the flat of his broad back. Although half-drowned by the fall he managed to scramble to his feet and draw his trusty blade, but a dozen horsemen surrounded him and a dozen weapons menaced his life.

"Strike him not!" cried the voice of one who was evidently a captain in the band. "It is Johnnie Armstrong himself, and the regent will give him a broad gold-piece to hold him a prisoner, unharmed, in Edinburgh town."

"That will never be!" exclaimed the moss-trooper, making a desperate rush forward and endeavoring to break through the line of steel which surrounded him, but, what could one man—ever though that man was Johnnie Armstrong—do against a host?

Quickly they beat him to his knees, then by main force pressed him to the earth and bound his stout, strong limbs with cruel cords, and like the vilest criminal carried him straight to Edinburgh.

Great was the glee of the regent and his court when the news of the capture reached them, and in great crowds the gallants of Edinburgh came to look upon the man who had for so long a time defied the power of the royal forces.

The regent swore roundly with many an oath that the capture of the outlaw was worth the loss of a strong tower.

And then they put the moss-trooper upon his trial. The lord came forward and swore that Johnnie had harried his lands and stolen fifty beavers.

"He is my foe—he and all his clan!" Johnnie had answered, indignantly. "Many's the time that he and his have come with fire and brand against me!"

"A lie—a lie!" the lordling protested. "I take Heaven to witness I never did him harm except in self-defense; and surely it is no wrong to strike back when rudely attacked!"

Another lord repeated the tale; a third and a fourth took up the cry. Never was there such a ruffianly ruffian as Johnnie Armstrong!

The moss-trooper's plea that he but returned the blows which had been given him, a little harder perhaps, but still provoked, went for nothing.

The Lord Chief Justice, who sat on the bench—for Johnnie was tried with all the honors—decided that the border lord was a most thorough villain and to blame in every case, and then, after due argument and grave deliberation, Johnnie Armstrong was sentenced to be hung—to die the death of a dog.

Vainly the outraged outlaw pleaded for a soldier's death; the law decreed the rope, and the rope it must be.

They carried the now desperate man back to his prison-cell and locked him tightly in. Short time had they given the moss-trooper to make his peace with Heaven, for within a week he was to stretch the rope.

The news of the death to which Johnnie Armstrong had been doomed sent a chill of horror through the border-side, for to the notions of these border folk there was no very great harm in raiding a few fat beavers now and then, when the larder was empty and the good wife wanted meat.

To one heart more than any other the news came with crushing force, and this was to the

wife of the moss-trooper, who dwelt in the big round tower, the home of the Armstrongs since the days when the clan first became known.

A wee little woman was the wife of the borderer, but as dauntless in courage as the bold moss-trooper himself.

When the tidings came that Johnnie Armstrong languished in jail, and within a week his neck would stretch, there was many a loud oath and deep imprecation in the Armstrong tower; but, neither oath nor threat could help the captive's despair.

Safe in Edinburgh jail he bided, and not even England's power could tear him thence; how then could the border lords hope to help their captive friend?

But, woman's wit succeeds sometimes when man's skill and cunning are of no avail.

The wife of the captive, impelled by that great love which dwelt in her heart for the father of her children, thought of a scheme by means of which he might be saved.

This scheme she did not impart to a mortal soul; she was almost afraid to whisper it to herself in the silence of her chamber lest some spirit of the air might carry it to the ears of the moody regent at Edinburgh.

Ten trusty men she took with her, the best of her husband's band, and setting out at night by unfrequented roads made the best of her way to Edinburgh.

Two days before the one on which her husband was doomed to die she arrived at the capital. A desperate device she had planned, and this was nothing more nor less than the kidnapping of the Lord Chief Justice of the realm, the man who had condemned her husband to death, and holding him a hostage for the safety of the moss-trooper.

A wild and reckless plan but the very boldness of it made it successful.

The moss-troopers, when the matter was confided to them, which was not until the last moment, swore by their thumbs to attempt it even though it cost the life of every one of them.

The gates of the city were not closed until nine, the Chief Justice, whose abode was quite near to one of the gates, was assaulted as he left his house shortly after eight in the evening to go to the palace, plucked violently from the midst of his escort, who fled in terror from the naked blades of the force moss-troopers, wrapped in a cloak and carried in haste through the city gates before the astonished warden could discover what was the matter.

Pursuit of course was given at once, but the desperate band had far too much start and easily gained their wild fastness with their prey.

Safe in the border-land, the wife of Johnnie Armstrong made known her conditions.

"Prisoner for prisoner," she declared.

The regent, on his side, swore that he would hang the moss-trooper without delay, but the lady swore fully as stoutly that if he did the Lord Chief Justice should swing.

And the regent dared not fulfill his threat, for he feared that the wife of the moss-trooper would be good as her word, and so, to make a long story short, after due deliberation and great delivery of words, the moss-trooper was exchanged for the man who had sentenced him to hang.

The wild rider had been saved by the wee little woman who dwelt in the round tower, and there was no moss-trooper in his band half as good a man as the wife of Johnnie Armstrong.

"The Styles" in Hair.

FANCIFUL complications of finger-puffs, set high on the head, are in greater favor than any other style in the arrangement of the hair. Frizzes and short curls around the face were very much worn, and in many instances are brought so low upon the forehead as to be in very bad taste. This, however, is only done by those who in all things rush into extremes. The best class of people and those who dress with most taste preserve moderation.

"Banging" the hair across the forehead, although chiefly adopted by children, is, nevertheless, seen in the case of grown persons. A unique style of coiffure consists of a small, soft curl worn high on the head and the front hair "banged." In consequence of the tendency toward unique complications, ornamental combs are in much favor. Oftentimes the comb is placed at the back of a cluster of puffs, in securing support, thereby, or again, it is put carelessly wherever it may seem appropriate. Tortoiseshell combs are oftentimes seen, but jet, ivory, gold, or silver form not unfrequently additions among the wealthier classes, while persons of moderate means content themselves with imitations.

Braids, except in chateleine style, are seldom seen; they are not excluded, but they are hardly in favor. If the coil, whether twisted or braided, be worn, it should not be large. Curls are seldom worn, long curls not at all. At all times, however, and especially for evening wear, are a very graceful finish, but at present should not exceed four inches in length.

The Grecian coil can hardly be mentioned as fashionable; it is rather an occasional and allowable departure from the fashionable ideas, indulged in at times by ladies who tire of sameness, and who now and then introduce a sort of abandon into the toilet, which, within limits, is not displeasing. Another style, which may be mentioned rather as an allowable departure from conventional coiffure than as the adopted mode of dressing the hair, is the Pompadour roll in front, over which the hair is drawn plainly back to meet finger-puffs or soft coils. It is quite becoming to some faces, and the more pleasing because not so often seen. Puffs, braids or coils placed "half-way" on the head—that is, neither high nor low—is an objectionable style. Make your choice; arrange your hair either quite low or high, but do not halt half-way.

"Coquettes," showing the hair softly waved without a part, and curled, and attached to a wire by which they can be inserted under finger-puffs or any other style of coiffure, are quite pretty and afford variety. They cost \$1.25. Invisibles of gray hair are particularly desirable for elderly ladies, and range in price from \$8 to \$15, the latter being of pure white hair.

First-class gray hair, especially long hair, is very expensive, increasing rapidly in price as it approaches pure white; and for this reason a substitute has been introduced in the "refined" hair, which is the better liked as it becomes better known. The difference from real hair cannot be told except by an expert. It can be mixed with other hair to any desired extent, when partially gray hair is desired, and of course at proportionately less cost than when real white hair is mixed in.

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